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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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The Indians of the South-west

Strange communities of nations,
Wanderers from southern climes,
Speech without its correlations
Since remotest ancient times:
Fixed in tribal forms and manners,
Clad in costumes most unique;
From whence, and beneath whose banners
Did ye here a refuge seek?

In the thread of thy traditions
Back through centuries untold,
Little have ye that revisions
Where thine ancient ways unfold.
Through thy solemn dances ranging
Worshipful in joy and tears,
Yet thy customs are unchanging
Through the cycles of the years.

Spanish mailed conquistadores,
Padres, with the cross and crown,
In their zealous armored forays
Learned thy valor and renown.
Yet thy soul remains defiant—
Culture can not be compelled—
And thy faith is still reliant
In the faith thy fathers held.

Yet in my poetic visions
I behold thy race, forsooth,
Leaving all thine old traditions
In the present light of truth:
Through ideals of our nation
That awaken heart and soul,
Ye shall grasp the revelation
And accept its higher goal.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND



THE CHALICE OF ANTIOCH

Photograph copyrighted by Kouchakji Freres of New York
International copyright by Kouchakji Freres

This photo represents the Antioch Chalice in diminished size, the original being about 8 inches high. In the de Luxe edition this is Plate No. 3 representing, in natural size, however, the anterior face of the Great Chalice. At the top we see the unfinished lip, from which relics have been cut. In the horizontal band of rosettes we see, just touching the tip of the soaring dove, a star, the star of Bethlehem. The dove symbolizes the Holy Spirit. In the center, Christ is seated on a throne. His right hand touches the plate with the loaves and fishes. Below it stands the Lamb, symbolizing the believer. Below Christ is seen an Eagle with spread wings, symbolic of the Roman Empire partaking of the Christian religion as administered by St. Peter and Paul, represented seated on each side of the eagle. The latter is grasping the loaves of the miraculous feeding of the multitude now heaped in a basket. The vines rise in pairs from the ground, join and fold, enclosing the seated Christ. The whole decoration is resting on a lotus flower the ancient symbol of eternal and recurring life. The form of the Chalice and the art of the decorations show that they could not have been made later than the middle of the first century A. D.

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THE GREAT CHALICE OF ANTIOCH OR THE "HOLY GRAIL"

BY J. M. SJODAHL

All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy grail.—*Tennyson.*

In medieval legend the cup used by our Lord, when he instituted the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, is known as "the holy grail." It is supposed to have come into the possession of Joseph of Arimethaea, who collected in it a few drops of our Savior's blood, as the body was reverently lowered from the cross by loving friends. According to legendary lore, Joseph, or one of his descendants, brought the relic to the British isles.

A vast amount of romance has been woven around the holy grail. One story has it that it was brought by angels to the top of a high mountain and there entrusted to the care of a body of knights. When approached by someone who was not perfectly pure, morally, it vanished out of sight. Knight-errands of all nations then undertook to search for it. The legend of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table is founded upon this story. Perceval, or Parsifal, as he is called in Wagner's famous opera, comes to the Grail castle where he sees the sacred vessel borne in by a beautiful damsel. It is set with jewels, and all present show it reverence. Its companion relics were a bleeding lance and a silver plate.

Within the last few years a question has arisen, as to whether the holy grail, the sacramental cup of our Lord, has actually been found. The interesting illustration on the opposite page is reproduced from a photograph of "the great Chalice of Antioch," the property of Messrs. Kouchakji Freres, New York. Is the vessel in that container the very cup which our Lord handled and blessed on the memorable occasion of his last observance of the passover?

According to the accounts published by the proprietors in a de

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luxury work by Dr. Eisen, the Chalice of Antioch was found in that city in the year 1910 by some Arabs engaged in digging, for some purpose or other. With it was unearthed six other valuable relics, all of which are thought to have formed part of some church treasure in the once great and famous city. Ownership to the entire collection was acquired by Kouchakji Freres of Paris, who, at the outbreak of the war in 1914, sent the valuable objects to New York for safe keeping. The magnificent work of Dr. Eisen appeared in 1923.

The inner cup, which Dr. Eisen believes was considered by the original owners and guardians to be the identical chalice used by our Lord, is hammered out of a sheet of silver. It is plain, seemingly unfinished, without ornamentation. Fragments have been removed from the rim, presumably by relic hunters, many centuries ago.

The container which holds this cup consists of an ovoid bowl or receptacle, a compressed spherical nodus, a very low stem and a narrow, circular foot-disk. The bowl has also been hammered out of a sheet of silver. It is beautifully carved, and the spaces between the carvings have been cut away, so that the surface of the inner cup is exposed in the openings. The nodus and the stem are solid and turned on a lathe.

The carvings represent twelve vines arranged in six pairs, which enclose twelve loops, six in the upper row and six, alternating with these, in the lower row. In the loops are twelve seated figures, one in each loop. In the spaces between, there are representations of birds and various other animals. Above the vines there is a horizontal band of fifty-seven rosettes, one being a six-pointed star. On the cup-shaped apex of the holder, below the ground line, there is a double row of lotus petals. The spacing is everywhere accurate and appropriate, and the artist has imparted to his work the effect of motion by the diagonality of the tendrils.

Two seated figures in the descriptions numbered 1 and 8 are represented in front view, all the rest in side view. The ten figures seem to salute figures 1 and 8 by uplifted right hand. The right hand of figure 1 touches a plate, the left hand of figure 8 holds the open scroll of the law. Fig. 5 holds a purse. Fig. 1 and 8 are clad in togas, resembling that of the Roman emperor, the other ten figures are draped in mantles. The figures are arranged in two distinct groups of six in each, and the central figure in each is supposed to represent our Lord.

The identification of the seated figures was slow work. Our Savior was identified in Fig. 1 and St. Peter in Fig. 2. In Fig. 8 a youthful likeness of our Lord was soon recognized. From the Greek headband and the absence of the Jewish hair lock, Fig. 6 was thought to represent Luke, the Grecian evangelist, and then it was thought probable that the ten figures surrounding the Master were the four evangelists, and Peter, Paul, James the Lesser, Jude, Andrew and James the

Greater. James the Lesser and Jude were near relatives of our Lord, and Andrew and James the Greater were brothers of Peter and John respectively, and therefore likely to be represented in the group.

The ornamentation is easily recognized as symbolic. The twelve vines represent Israel, first the twelve tribes, descendants of Jacob, and then the Church of Christ as represented by the twelve apostles. This symbol was well known in the earliest days of our era, which is proved by the fact that our Lord, in his last discourse said, "I am the *true* vine." The Twelve understood what he meant. He was the "branch out of the root of the stem of Jesse." (Is. 11:1.) The star is, naturally, the Star of Bethlehem. The fifty-seven rosettes may, it is



The Savior as Depicted in the Center of the Chalice
Copyright Kouchahji Freres, New York.

thought, indicate so many years. The animal figures may indicate the universality of the gospel, which was to be preached to "every creature," a symbol appearing in the Revelation by John, where the "four living creatures" ("beasts") are among those who worship before the throne. (Rev. 7:11.) The dove is the "sign" of the Holy Spirit, and the lamb is in all probability the symbol of the atonement of Christ.

On the chairs of some of the seated figures there are graffiti scratched by an unskilful hand at a later time, evidently with a view of preserving the identity of the figures. Such are the keys on the

chair of Peter, and the Egyptian ankh, or crux ansata, on the chair of Luke.

The question whether the chalice is the identical cup of the pascal observance of our Lord is too technical for a thorough-going and intelligent discussion in this paper. Suffice it to say, that works of industry and art have certain characteristics by which even laymen can judge in a general way of their probable age and origin. Indian pottery, Japanese paintings, Chinese carvings, the crude bone or horn implements of the Lapps, and so on—all have easily recognizable characteristics. And these are so real, that experts can without hesitation separate the genuine from the spurious. This is particularly true of works of art. A real expert can always point out a genuine Stradivarius or a Titian among any number of cleverly made copies. The same is true of books, manuscripts, coins, vases, tapestry, implements, etc. This being the fact, Dr. Eisen's conclusions, based upon expert knowledge and a thorough examination of the objects themselves, are not to be set aside lightly. The art revealed in these objects is mainly Greek and Hellenic, as found in works of the Augustan era. The figures give the impression of actual portraits rather than conventional representations of later centuries. The form and proportions of the cup are similar to those of a painted cup in Pompeii.

In the condensed Summary of the History and Characteristics of the remarkable relic, which the publishers have courteously placed at the service of the *Era*, the author says:

"No one who has any knowledge of antique silver can fail to recognize the genuineness of the Chalice, which has become fragile on account of the crystallization of the matrix, due to burial in the soil. Those who have studied art with critical eyes will recognize the genuineness of the Chalice through its art, which no one in Renaissance or modern times could even copy, much less create.

"The genuineness is confirmed by the nature of the portraits, which introduce new and hitherto unsuspected elements of resemblance. The use of the Greek symmetry was unknown when the Chalice was excavated, nor can anyone point to a work from which the Chalice could have been copied."

The following unsolicited testimonies conclude the Summary:

This summary can best be concluded by the unsolicited words of Miss Grace D. Guest, of the Freer Museum of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., October, 1921.

"* * * a view of the Chalice—a view that was full of inspiration and interest. I have always rather resented the atmosphere and the character of what we have known as early Christian iconography—so arid repellent, and wholly lacking in beauty of spirit or of form, darkened, as the teaching of Christ came to be, by the thoughts and art of all those generations who lived in fear and uncertainty from the Dark of the Middle Ages. This direct, beautiful, natural thing, full of worth and vitality, approaches so much more nearly to the actual source of the Christian movement, that it carries with it a fresh reassurance of the spirit of the original teaching."

"Mrs. Adele Coulin-Weible, the pupil and secretary of Joseph Strzygowsky relates that this archaeologist after having studied the photographs of the Chalice and the Chalice itself during two different visits, occupying

in all about five or six hours, exclaimed enthusiastically, 'The Chalice is not only real but it is also beautiful.'"

The chief interest centers in the supposed likeness of our Lord. They are so different from anything offered by either painters or sculptors.

In a previous article in the *Era* on the appearance of Jesus, it was pointed out that two classes of likenesses existed, one representing the "Man of Sorrow," and the other the perfect man with divine majesty and dignity. The first class may be said to have followed the earliest known tradition, in which Christ is the sufferer, the sacrifice. The second embodies a later tradition, which can be traced to Origen, who says that Jesus, even in his human form had superhuman characteristics, though the world did not recognize them. From the 4th century, the tendency is to represent Jesus as beautiful in his human form, and the picture of the Sufferer gives way to the picture of the mighty God-man. Even when pictured on the cross, he is surrounded by a gloria.

Here on the Chalice we have a representation that seems to antedate both these traditions, and therefore, offers very strong internal evidence for the high antiquity claimed for it.

It is quite possible that the holy grail came into the possession of Joseph of Arimathaea. It is quite possible that it was used by the first Christians in Jerusalem at the sacrament services. It is possible that, when the followers of Jesus were scattered through persecution, the cup was brought to Antioch by some of the apostles, or some other fugitive. Antioch in Syria was the place where Paul and Barnabas commenced their missionary labors. It was there that the disciples first were called Christians. It had one of the most important churches in that part of the world. Then it is conceivable that some artist—some silversmith, as skilled as Demetrius at Ephesus, but a Christian—conceived the idea of making the container for the cup with Christian symbols and likenesses of leading men, either from actual observances as in the case of the apostles, or from descriptions of those who had been intimate with them, as in the case of our Lord.. All this is possible. Further investigation and discussion will undoubtedly throw more light upon the interesting subject.

A Prayer

Guide thou thy sheep,
Dear Lord,
Into a shelter,
Past briary thorn and burr,
And mire deep;
Let not the young ones scatter
Helter, skelter;
Oh Lord, protect thy wayward,
Wandering sheep.

Salt Lake City, Utah

A. HENDERSON

THE HERITAGE AND PROMISE

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, AUTHOR OF "ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF MORMONISM"

II

One of the things the "Mormon" youth are taught with increasing emphasis is that they must have good bodies—a fit habitation for the indwelling spirit, so that it may be an adequate means through which the intelligent spirit may express itself.

Within the last quarter of a century there has come a direct reversal of the ideas and practice of the mediaeval saints concerning the value of the body.

During the Middle Ages it was thought that the body is an incumbrance to the spirit. It was the body that surfeited on food, that craved the drink to steal away the brain, that induced laziness and a love of ease, that did a thousand things, in short, to serve the devil instead of the soul. Accordingly, it was believed that if the body was weakened by hunger and thirst and torture to the point of suffering, the spirit might thus become ascendant and free to act. The story is told of a monk who, misguided by the idea that saintliness is synonymous with sickliness, lived the greater part of his life on a pillar thirty feet high, without ever bathing or changing his clothing, till worms formed on his filthy body. Nor is this an isolated case. It represents the spirit of the age. Wearing coarse hair-shirts next the skin, emaciating the body by withholding food and the bath, beating the back with knotted cords till the blood ran, belting the waist with wide leathern strips filled with sharp tacks—these were common practices in an age with wrong-headed notions of Christianity.

But all this has been changed by our modern ideas of efficiency. The body is now regarded as the instrument of the brain, and the brain and nervous system generally as the instrument of the mind. As the autoist keeps his car well-oiled, well-greased, well-cleaned that every part may function perfectly with safety, so every modern who really desires the highest mental and moral freedom in his daily work takes the greatest pains with his body—keeping it clean and healthy inside and out,—for he knows that only thus can he attain the greatest efficiency of which he is capable. We are beginning to feel that to live and breathe and move should be a delight. The thoroughly healthy person is full of optimism, rejoicing "like a strong man to run a race." Not only is it true that "the man or the woman who is unhealthy is now handicapped in opportunities for marriage," but persons of both sexes are equally handicapped for opportunities for employment by which to earn a livelihood. The wide-spread feeling on the subject is evidenced in "the great vogue today of sleeping out-of-doors, the

popularity, not always deserved, of health foods and drinks, the demand for uncontaminated water supplies, certified milk, inspected meat and pure foods generally, the world-wide movement against alcohol, and the legislation to correct wrong conditions of labor and to safeguard the laborer."

That there is an intimate relationship between the size of the human body and the mental capacity has been uniquely shown by the investigations of Professor Gowin, of New York University.* In order to bring statistical evidence to bear upon the question as to whether the body, "viewed as a chemical machine," supplies brain energy according to its size, he sent out several hundred questionnaires to presidents of banks, of railroads, of colleges, and of insurance companies, to reformers, religious leaders, governors, senators—men in some forty-eight different callings. His findings are extremely interesting as well as instructive. According to these statistics, in each case "the larger position is held by the larger man" physically. Thus, bishops are taller and weigh more than preachers in small towns, university presidents than presidents of small colleges, city school superintendents than principals in small towns, sales managers than salesmen, railroad presidents than station agents. Railroad executives average five feet, ten and nine-tenths inches in height and weigh one hundred eighty-six pounds; governors of states are five feet, eleven and two-tenths inches tall and weigh one hundred eighty-two pounds; university presidents are five feet ten and eight-tenths inches in height and one hundred eighty-one pounds in weight; executive secretaries of reform movements in our nation have a mean height of five feet, eleven and four-tenths inches and an average weight of one hundred eighty-one pounds. All of which goes to show that "the first wealth is health."

"Mormon" ideas of the body are in general agreement with those of our times. Not only so, but they ante-date, both in theory and practice, the notions regarding the body that prevail today in the best minds. And these ideals of the Saints are emphasized in a manner hardly possible by others, for the reason that with "Mormons" they are inseparably associated with thoughts of the human spirit, the future life, and religious duty—conceptions that react powerfully on conduct.

According to the Saints, the spirit is a material substance, only more refined than any other with which we are now acquainted. It is in the exact form of the body, so that if we were to see it we should perceive a head, a trunk, and limbs and organs like those we see in the body. Also it had a pre-mortal existence, where it performed the same functions of thinking, feeling, and willing that it does now in the body. In this pre-existence the spirit progressed as far as it could

*The reader would do well to read a most extraordinary article on "The Beauty of Lincoln," in the *Pictorial Review* for Feb., 1925.—*Evans*.

without a tabernacle of flesh and bone and blood. Hence, the body is absolutely essential to the spirit before there can be "a fulness of joy." This is as true in the next world as it is in the present world. And so there is to be a literal resurrection of the body, as was the case with Jesus Christ. That is, the spirit of man at some future time will be reunited with the body—the same that it had in the flesh, only with certain changes. Such, in brief, are the ideas which the "Mormons" entertain concerning the relationship of the spirit and the body, both here and hereafter.

The teachings of the Saints respecting the care of the body—outward cleanliness, the food that should be eaten, especially the things that should not be done—are contained chiefly in the "Doctrine and Covenants," more particularly in one of the revelations, the "Word of Wisdom," but also in the sermons and writings of the Church leaders.

While the sentence, "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord," may apply to the heart, still it is often used by the "Mormons" to apply to the exterior man. There is no doubt, however, that a literal application only is to be placed upon the words: "Let all things be done in cleanliness before me." The Saints are fond of using the quotations, "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" only, some of them would have it go: "Cleanliness is *part of* godliness." At all events, nothing can be much more offensive to God than a filthy body in a man. Cleanliness of the person, including the clothing, has always been a cardinal doctrine with the Latter-day Saints, and one that they have insisted upon in season and out, in sermon and book. The very fact that the body is an eternal adjunct of the spirit and not a temporary acquisition, dignifies the earthly tabernacle in the "Mormon" mind.

As for man's food and drink, the "Word of Wisdom" is the standard, and the revelation is the more remarkable because it was announced in the year 1833, many years before people began to talk of the value of the body and while the blight of mediaeval ideas was still on the material world.

In this utterance we are told that "inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him." Strong drinks are condemned as being "not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies." Even tea and coffee are prohibited under the phrase "hot drinks," as it has always been interpreted to mean.

Tobacco is classed with intoxicants, as "not good for man." On the contrary, it has its purpose as "an herb for bruises and all sick cattle," in which case it must be used "with judgment and skill." This prohibition of Lady Nicotine has come with such increasing emphasis that nowadays no one may hold a Church position unless he is free from the use of tobacco, or promises to quit it; and not even

a lay member may be properly classed as in full fellowship who smokes or chews the weed.

The flesh of animals also, to a certain extent, is taboo. Although "the beasts of the field and the fowls of heaven" are declared to be "for the use of man," to be used with thanksgiving, yet it is "pleasing to the Lord" that their use as food be restricted to the winter months, the cold season, and periods of famine, and even then but sparingly.

There is a word of counsel too on cereals as food. Grain has been ordained, we are told, "for the use of man and beast, to be the staff of life"—the staff, that is, not only for man but for "the beasts of the field and the fowls of heaven." Nevertheless, each has its particular use. "Wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine."

Those who "remember to keep and do these sayings" are promised bodily vigor and mental alertness. They shall receive "health in their navel and marrow to their bones;" "they shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint;" and the angel of destruction "shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them." Also they "shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures."

All this is but an anticipation of the teachings of modern science on the main lines of food and drink, as the following facts sufficiently indicate:

Professor Rubner of Berlin, "one of the world's foremost students of hygiene," condemns the present over-use of meat. Prevailing "false notions of the strengthening effect of meat," he says, are responsible for the "harmful" practice of eating too much meat, which is supplanting almost everywhere "the characteristic local culinary art." And he goes on to say that "the medical profession started an opposition to the exaggerated meat diet, long before the vegetarian propaganda was started. It was maintained that flour foods, vegetables, and fruits should be eaten in place of the overlarge quantities of meat." The chief objection to a meat diet, it has been found, is that it furnishes more than the necessary amount of protein, which over-works the liver and kidneys and exceeds their "factor of safety," and that it tends to produce an excess of acids, is prone to putrefaction, and contains "purins, which lead to the production of uric acid."

As to alcohol, it has been proved conclusively by scientists that it is a narcotic and not a food. "Scientific experiments have resulted in the interesting discovery that the alleged 'strength' obtained from beer, ales, and all intoxicating beverages is a delusion and a snare. The poison simply gives a temporary feeling of greater strength through the paralysis of the sense of fatigue. But the strength does not exist. On the contrary, the user of alcohol in excess is weaker after taking it." The use of alcoholic beverages brings on a paralysis of the white corpuscles in the blood; it shortens life, as is evidenced by insurance

statistics; it retards simple mental processes, such as the addition of figures; it overcomes the higher brain elements and releases the lower ones; it depresses the heart and the circulation; it injures offspring by impairing the germ cells in males. "The restrictive and prohibitive measures of the French and Russian [and American] governments, the well known opposition of the Kaiser to alcohol, and the warnings uttered by Lord Kitchener and leading British statesmen, are sufficient evidence that the condemnation of alcohol represents the deliberate judgment of the world's strong men."

While science is not so pronounced in its utterances against tobacco as against intoxicating liquors, this is because its investigators have not covered so wide a scope. But all the evidence thus far gathered points in the same direction as the statement in the revelation that tobacco "is not good for man." It is certain from these investigations that tobacco affects detrimentally the heart, the lungs, and the brain, lowering the vitality and increasing mortality. It is equally certain that it decreases mental efficiency, Bush says by more than ten percent. It has never been shown by the defenders of tobacco, who are chiefly those who profit by its sale, that "a sound healthy man, who has never been accustomed to the use of tobacco, can do better mental or physical work with tobacco than without it."

Now, it follows, "as night the day," that a community which adheres to this standard of living will develop better bodies than a community which does not. It follows, too, that, other things remaining the same, their minds, since these act through the body, will function better. These facts should go without saying, but we need to be reminded of them once in a while, so as to be sure that they are in the forefront of our understanding. No operator can function through a machine perfectly unless that machine is kept in good condition.

(To be continued)

The Lesson of the Flower

Sweetly smiling little flower,
Thought of love you bring,
Visions of the sunlit valleys
And of birds that sweetly sing.

Many days was nature painting
On your face the lovely hue,
And I see therein is mirrored,
Fleecy clouds and skies of blue.

Meekly do you tell your story
Of the joys that nature holds,
Of the peace that's in your slumbers
As at night your petals fold.
Ogden, Utah

You have taught me while I murmured
And complained of ills not true,
That dark clouds are not destroyers,
But the life of such as you.

Though your form is fastly drooping,
And your lot is but to die,
You have taught me the great lesson:
Look not down, but to the sky.

I hope, as future years pass by me,
Hues of loveliness may grace,
And a joy to those around me,
May become my human face.
CLAUD S. GROW.

THE CONVERSION OF GERALD ERSKINE

BY FRANK C. STEELE

Marguerite Lawrence looked into the full-length mirror of her room and smiled—faintly. She was a dream of young womanhood. Her expressive face revealed an inward glow of health, warm and magnetic. The silken folds of a dressing gown clung to her figure in graceful lines, loose sleeves caressing her pretty, immaculate hands.

On the finger of one of those pretty hands sparkled a diamond solitaire, its fiery darts shooting hither and thither in the light like so many shafts from Cupid's bow.

Marguerite Lawrence had promised to marry Gerald Erskine—reluctantly. She was fond of Gerald. That she knew. She was reasonably sure she loved him. But love is such a dangerous, elusive thing.

Many times Marguerite had been thrilled. She had allowed herself to drift luxuriously into a number of harmless little affairs, exposing herself with nice restraint to love. But somehow she had never found that great Something—before. She experienced the usual disappointments, and alone she had held her little funerals, wept into her faintly scented kerchief, buried her emotions, and waited again for the true Angel of Love to roll away the stone.

Gerald had done that—masterfully. He found Marguerite a lovely but somewhat lonely pilgrim in a great eastern college. It was indeed a case of love "at first sight" when Gerald met Marguerite and danced with her at a fraternity New Year's party. She did not lack for dance partners. On the contrary, she was surrounded. But Gerald, one of that American type of young manhood known as "go-getters," elbowed his way—figuratively—through the circle of sleek-groomed "frat" men, took supreme command of the situation and with delightful earnestness soon had the pretty girl from the West booked for several fox trots and a few waltzes and one steps added for good measure.

And that is how their affair got started.

It came to a climax a year later in their engagement with tentative plans accompanying for a quiet wedding in the Little Church Around the Corner in New York. Gerald, in fact, had set his heart on the famous chapel in the center of the world's metropolis. It seemed so true to his life, to fit into the career of a man of action, this sweet retreat just off the Great White Way. Their marriage was set for September.

As already explained, Marguerite had accepted Gerald—reluctantly. Even now as she tood before her mirror the venture she was committed to was being weighed, analyzed and dissected. The beau-

tiful face registered decision one moment, indecision the next. Evidently, the conflict was a strenuous one, the stakes high.

They were.

It was not a question of love. Marguerite did not doubt Gerald's sincerity. She was convinced this ardent, young college man with his determined "way" adored her. He had come into her life like the prince in the story book and she had found his offering of love genuine. Yes, she knew Gerald loved her.

It was not a question of social station. Gerald came of a highly-respected and substantial Indianapolis family, and like many of the sons of the Hoosier State his college career had been outstanding, a sparkling literary style and intelligent "nose for news" carrying him rapidly to the editorial chair of *The Gateway*, the university weekly. National journals quoted him. Societies and clubs lionized him. Girls laid traps for him, the ingenuity of many of the traps being born in the minds of hopeful mothers. And on his graduation a place was waiting for him on the staff of one of the great New York dailies. No, it was not position. Perhaps Gerald had a trifle too much "position."

Neither was it disposition. Gerald was the gayest, frankest, kindest personality Marguerite had ever encountered. Of that she was convinced. He was ever an inspiration to her.

The question was—Religion. And that had worried Marguerite. Gerald was not religious in the generally understood meaning of the term. His parents were Methodist. Gerald was—well, he wasn't a Methodist. He was a Modernist, a critic of the dismembered Christianity of Jesus, the Great Teacher, for whom he had the very highest devotion. He rejected creeds; he spurned ritual. He was one of that enlarging group of modern men, religious to a degree, but repelled by the churches. They seemed so insincere, so lacking in authority, so cold. In a word, so rooted to the Past that they failed to keep pace with an advancing world. The Little Church Around the Corner and its kindly ministration to all and sundry alone called forth the admiration of this college man.

Marguerite was a "Mormon" from Utah.

"Don't do it, Margie, don't marry this young man, splendid though his character and chances in life may be," her uncle wrote from his home in Salt Lake City. He was her closest relative, for her mother had died when Marguerite was only a baby while her father had fallen a prey to influenza while attempting to keep his mines in Nevada operating during the dread pestilence.

"Don't do it, my child. These mixed marriages rarely terminate happily. The road is strewn with their wreckage. It may be all right—sometimes the husband joins the Church. But that good fortune comes to only a very few of our 'Mormon' girls who marry outside the Church. You are, of course, at liberty to make your choice."

I would not desire to mar your happiness, my dear, but I feel it would be unwise to marry Gerald unless you are very, very sure it is the right course."

Marguerite was very, very sure. She had not made her decision hastily. She had counted and recounted the costs. She had sought light from her Heavenly Father and she felt sure she had received her answer. And so Love again scored. She could not forget Gerald's words, tender words they were, assuring her it was her sweet self, her ideals, her aspirations that moved him, that aroused and held his love. Religion did not figure in the question at all, for both parties to the compact surely were entitled to be intellectually and spiritually free and untrammelled. Intolerance had no place in the modern world, he urged.

"Marguerite dear, why should religion thwart a love like ours—that love which comes in the lives of men and women but once? That love, dear, we feel when evening falls and darkness suggests that last long eventide when hungry hearts yearn for that companionship of the soul which only true love can give. No. Marguerite, it would be cruel to resist the divine call of love, for, dearest, I may not understand God as you understand him, but I do have faith in that Supreme Father who has watch over his children. Somehow, Marguerite, I cannot argue away that conviction."

No, she could not forget those splendid words. "O, I just know Gerald will join the Church, and when he does he'll be a Latter-day Saint. Men of Gerald's type are not satisfied to be just 'Mormons.'"

So the college girl, who had come to a great decision, reasoned as she tripped about her room before retiring, and as she tripped she hummed the strains of a popular light opera number. It was such a relief to have decided, decided, decidedly definitely, finally.

How important are our decisions!

Gerald and Marguerite were married in September. They were not married in the Little Church Around the Corner. Gerald wanted it that way, but Marguerite's opposition was so sustained that he gave in to her wishes. The president of the Eastern States Mission married them at the Brooklyn headquarters. "It really doesn't make any difference, dear," Gerald had said, "and if it pleases you, Little Sincerity, it pleases me. A 'Mormon' wedding it shall be. You know I'm not fussy about ministers."

And for that surrender, Marguerite kissed him and was happy.

Their honeymoon was spent in the Quebec woods. The isolation appealed to the newly-weds after a year in the whirl of a great university. Their hotel, with its logs and gables and blazing fire-places, was a picture, sitting on the west shore of a lake fully three miles long and a mile wide. It was really a cup of the mountain, whose slopes were covered with deep-toned woods. To the girl it brought

back memories of childhood, years spent in her mountain home in the west.

"This is charming, Gerald dear, you could not have selected a lovelier spot," Marguerite cried, as they stood on the veranda overlooking the lake, the evening of their arrival at the resort.

The moon, now in its full, shone down on the dark woods. As it rose higher and higher, silvering the mountain peaks, the lake caught the picture and reflected it. The scent of the forest came to the lovers from mysterious, far-away stretches, while the quiet of the world was unbroken except for the lapping of the waves on the pebbly shore.

"It is too grand for word pictures, sweetheart, with you in the setting," Gerald murmured. He slipped his arm around the slender waist and together they revelled in the witchery of nature in one of her most entrancing moods.

All too quickly the month of romance in the Quebec woods ended, and with the coming of October and its snappier morning air, the Erskines returned to New York eager for the fresh adventures that would come with the new life that awaited them there.

They were fortunate in securing "a perfect darling" of an apartment, as Marguerite described it. The rooms were not large but they were beautifully furnished needing only the deft fingers of the little lady of the house to transform the flat into—home. A fern here, a pillow there, a lamp with an old rose shade in another corner, and the whole interior breathed coziness and refinement.

Marguerite loved her home. Gerald was eager to test his untried powers in real work in a real world. And thus the winter fairly melted away. They were both devotees of the theatre and the opera and as Gerald was attached to the music and dramatic department of the Globe they were among the regular "first nighters" at the great play-houses along Broadway.

It was a gay world in which the newly-weds were suddenly dropped. Time was lost in the whirl of activity and before they were aware winter merged into spring, spring with its soft air and returning birds and carefree park crowds. Gerald and Marguerite often joined the thousands in the parks, the evenings being now warm and the spring voices alluring. They would always remain to enjoy the twilight for it seemed to bring with it a sweet something that united them just a little tighter. They lingered, too, to watch the night fall over the great city, to feel the thrill of the hour when those canyons of steel and stone became fairy palaces festooned with millions of twinkling lights. Life was sweet to them and indulgent.

It was sweet but not full. There was one brooding cloud in the sky of Marguerite's happiness.

Gerald had changed in one particular, only one, but that one was an exceedingly important particular. He refused to accompany

Marguerite to church. This aloofness did not appear abruptly. It was a growth but a rapid one. And it hurt the young wife. It was a disappointment, a startling thing, but it did not break down her confidence of victory. It seemed only to steel her for the battle she knew confronted her.

Marguerite attended service—alone. It was hard to do. Her courage was put to the test, but she did it in her own sweet way, returning each Sunday to find Gerald reading or writing or arriving home from golfing.

With Autumn came a tiny stranger to the Erskine home. Gerald Junior was born. The joy of the father was only exceeded by the infinite joy of the mother holding the little bundle of pink legs, chubby arms and blue eyes close, so very close, to her heart.

Gifts poured in on Junior from everywhere. They came from the neighbors along Courtland Street, for the Ers kines lived alone now, having vacated their flat when the stork promised them an early call. Gifts came from the delighted uncle in far-away Salt Lake City, while the grandparents in India were unstinted in expressing their delight. From the *Globe* office came packages big and small, for the coming of Junior proved no ordinary event in the *Globe* editorial rooms.

When Christmas neared, a new joy gave of its sweetness to the Erskine home. Junior had his first Christmas tree. A wide variety of rattles, queer-looking dolls, a wardrobe of warm baby wearables, and other gifts peeped out from among the labyrinth of tinsel and tassel and lighted candles, and while Junior failed to realize what it all meant, his mother and daddy did, and they were happy.

* * * * *

Spring broke early the next year, but not too early for the trio in the Erskine home. Gerald had bought a chummy little coupe and for a month he and Marguerite had been studying tourist Red Books of the New England States with their trails leading into Canada, that Land of Enchantment, for had it not given them a month of freedom, of quiet, of happiness when freedom and quiet and happiness meant so much to them?

It was Sunday morning. A warm sun shone through the windows of the Erskine home on Courtland Street, falling directly on Marguerite who was absorbed in dressing Junior for the day. She sang as her nimble fingers smoothed and adjusted the airy bits of baby apparel.

Junior dressed, Marguerite called to her husband reclining in an easy chair in the living room reading the Sunday paper as was his custom. He came with a bound, seizing the tot in his two strong arms and kissing the soft cheeks again and again.

"What a little beauty we have, mother dear! He never looked

quite so fine—never! But where are you going so early, dear?" Gerald said as he surveyed Junior dressed in his going-out togs.

"Why, Gerald, don't you know? It is such a pleasant day I thought we ought to take advantage of it by taking Junior to church to have him blessed. It should have been done months ago, dear.

"Blessed—blessed. Why, what do you mean, Marguerite?"

"Gerald, I've explained it all to you a dozen times, I know. Some churches call it christening, we call it blessing children. They are given blessings and names by the elders, who take them in their arms as did our Savior, Gerald."

There was a pause. It was an awkward pause. Gerald frowned.

"You are not going to have Junior blessed, as you call it."

"Gerald!"

There was surprise in that voice.

"I mean it, you're not going to go any further with this."

"Gerald, dear, you can't mean it—you wouldn't—why—Gerald—please don't joke."

"It is no joke. I mean it all. Frankly, Marguerite I'm tired of all this 'Mormon' nonsense. It is undermining our home life, and—and—well, I'm in line for the dramatic editor's post, and this religion business doesn't mix very well, especially 'Mormonism.'"

Marguerite was now clutching at a chair. Her face was pallid. Her hand shook. A wistful pain softened her eyes as she gazed questionably at her husband.

"Gerald, I never dreamed this would happen. It is all so utterly unthinkable. You surely cannot mean this thing, Gerald. You are not yourself, Gerald. This is not the man I married. This is not the man who made those tender pledges in our happy college days, Gerald. This is not Gerald Erskine, the Princeton man—"

"Please don't sidestep."

"Sidestep, Gerald, sidestep! That was mean. I repeat, you are not the man I married. You are not the man who 18 months ago moved thousands to cheer with his eloquence. How splendid you were that night, Gerald! How I loved you!"

"I don't get your drift at all. I want to get down to facts. I want this thing settled—definitely!"

"Don't get angry, Gerald. You amaze me, astound me, almost insult me. But that night eighteen months ago. How it all comes back this morning! I think your theme was something about 'Sincerity, the Great World Need.' It was a noble speech, Gerald, I can hear your words now ringing through the great auditorium. Your words today sound a bit hollow, don't you think?"

Marguerite was herself again—calm, poised, self-reliant.

Gerald betrayed the conflict within. His face was no longer flushed.

"You asked me, Gerald, to abandon my ideals. If I did this thing I would abandon my better self. You forget that I am from Princeton, too. And I will add that no Princeton girl—and no 'Mormon' girl—is willing to do the thing you propose. No, Gerald, my mind is made up."

"I see you are determined, Marguerite. Very well, there is another way, you know—"

"Gerald!"

Gerald did not reply, but Junior did.

The third member of the Erskine family had been twisting and writhing in his father's arms during the sudden domestic upheaval of which he was the innocent cause. He could endure it no longer, and with the accumulated gusto of his baby lungs he launched his protest.

Junior was on the rampage.

He first cried—decently. Then he howled. Then he screamed!

The father played with him, fussed with him. But in vain. Junior had been grossly neglected and abused and he wanted the world to know it.

And then it happened. The scales of destiny tipped.

"For goodness sake, Marguerite, take this child," the despairing father cried, as he handed the tiny disturber to its mother.

As he relieved himself of the sniffling mite, he smiled. The smile proved contagion. Marguerite smiled. Then Junior smiled.

Then Gerald and Marguerite laughed.

"Dearest!" Gerald pleaded as he led his wife and babe to an easy chair in the living room. "I was mad. I guess you are right, dear, there is a Devil and he had me this morning—had me right. It is all too horrible! You whipped me, Marguerite—you and Junior. But I deserved far more than I got. I fear you can never forgive me, dear—"

"Yes, I'll forgive you, Gerry, if—"

"I'll do anything if only you will blot out this terrible memory, Marguerite—this morning."

"Well, Gerald dear, will you come with me to Church to see Junior blessed?"

"I will!"

And he did. And seven years later he saw Junior baptized by a proud father.

"I investigated 'Mormonism' through my wife's sincerity," Gerald always explained when asked about his conversion.

"No, dear, it was through Junior's temper," Marguerite would correct.

Perhaps they were both right.

Lethbridge, Alta, Canada



Top: Hanks and Sid at the approach of the cave

Center: "We rode through a screen of aspens, and sat gasping our astonishment."

Bottom: "In silence we clambered up through the loose rocks through the hole that leads to utter darkness."

TALES OF THE TRAILS

2. The Twin Cave

BY JOE HICKMAN

The discovery and exploiting of a natural wonder is like the finding and developing of a mineral vein. If other veins are known to exist in the region, the discovery of an additional one only adds value to those already known to exist. So it is with scenic wonders. The mention of features in Southern Utah heretofore little known does not detract from those already widely advertised, but rather adds to their value. The more one digs deeply into the wonderful region in our state, the more convinced he becomes that greater things yet remain undiscovered.

When President Walter E. Hanks, of the Wayne stake, told me about a monster cave that has been for ages within a few hundred yards of a trail that I have often traveled. I could only doubt his estimates of its size. At last we agreed upon a date to visit the cavern and while it was yet dark our horses were plunging through the deep, January snow, on a trail that we could not see, but of which we felt sure. Hanks, a man in his sixties, son of the famous pioneer guide, E. K. Hanks, is worthy of his parentage. He knows every trail and cow-path in Wayne county, and especially well the routes over the Boulder Mountain on which he acted as Forest Ranger for ten years. So we never doubted a minute the existence of the trail that could not be seen, but which led for eight miles from Grover, over the Miners' Mountain, down Sulphur Wash, and up Pleasant Creek on the Boulder to the cave.

We reached the region of the red sandstone and drew rein under a huge cliff that extended slowly over us its several hundred feet, so that its base was possibly fifty feet from a perpendicular line dropped from its summit. "What do you think of it?" Hanks asked, turning in his saddle. Sid said something unprintable. I dismounted and began digging in the loose sand at the base of the overhanging rock. There were bits of arrow heads, broken pottery, and other signs of this having been used for an Indian burial ground. Just without the protection of the ledge, lay the half eaten carcass of a deer. In the snow could be seen the trail over which it had been dragged. The prints of a mountain lion's track, possibly four inches in diameter, told the tale. Altogether I could not say that I was sorry that I had risen at three that morning, in order to meet the party at Grover and take the ride. But I could not hide my disappointment at the cave I had been told we were to see.

Sid was not so silent and after he had run out of words with

which to express his feelings in the matter, Hanks, laughed and said, "Well boys, let's go on to the cave."

"So this isn't the cave?" inquired Sid.

In another ten minutes we rode through the screen of aspens, drew rein within the huge cavity, and sat gasping our astonishment and awe. Over us the monstrous red sandstone roof canopied, one hundred feet from the earth to its ceiling, three hundred feet from end to end and two hundred feet from face to the narrow hole that seemed to lead into utter darkness in the rear. Even our horses seemed to know that here was something fit for marvel and pricking their ears here and there, neighed time and again.

Then in silence we clambered up the loose rocks and through the hole already mentioned. If we had been amazed in the outer room, this inner cavity could only hold us spellbound. The light reflected from the front and gradually growing dimmer toward the two extreme corners of this second cave intensified and multiplied the many colors that nature had left there in the making of its walls and roof. First one is suddenly shocked by the size of this second room. He expects that it will be but the size of the hole he can see from the entrance to the outer chamber, that is about fifty by twenty feet. But having passed through this arch he finds himself within another large cavity which by measurement proves to be fifty feet high, one hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. But the size no longer excites wonder. The real shock is received by the unexpected geological formation of this rainbow room,—so named because of the variety of colors found on its walls and roof.

The red chamber is formed entirely in the red sandstone so predominant in Southern Utah regions. This rainbow room is formed in a conglomerate that marks the unconforming spot of the mouth of



"Just without lay the half-eaten carcass of a deer, lately killed by a mountain lion."

some prehistoric stream. It is a spot for the scientist as much as it is for the artist. But it is the artistic that will appeal to most of us as betrayed by the variety of the greens, pinks, silvers, deep reds, and soft creams so naturally thrown about the walls and roof of this great bell-shaped cavity.

The Twin Cave of Wayne county is not a rival to the other great caverns of the world. It is distinctive. It is something different. It does not outshine Timpanogos, rather like the discovery of a mine in a mining region it should add to Utah's already great wealth. It is quite accessible, being possible to reach within three miles of it by automobile over a route that leads by Fish Lake, Fruita Natural Bridge, and Capitol Gorge.

The Sea

The air was still—
A prescient hush prevailed
That filled my soul with deep intensity
Of awe, and vast expectancy,
Like that which trembled in the breast of him
Who sightless was from birth;
When at the pool, his eyes renewed,
He saw the glory of the earth.

The bleak plain, bare and drear,
Didst wait as if from primal dawn
To hear
The voice of that which moved upon the waters dark;
Or, mayhaps, mighty rushing wings to hark,
And then upon my listening ear
There fell
A rhythmic melody,
As if I inadvertently had found
The temple high of God,
And entered it all unaware,
So subtle and profound
Were those deep undertones sublime,
As if the unseen choir of all eternity didst chant
A *Te Deum* most divine.

Then, lifting up mine eyes,
I saw the sea
Before me stretched in vast immensity!

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

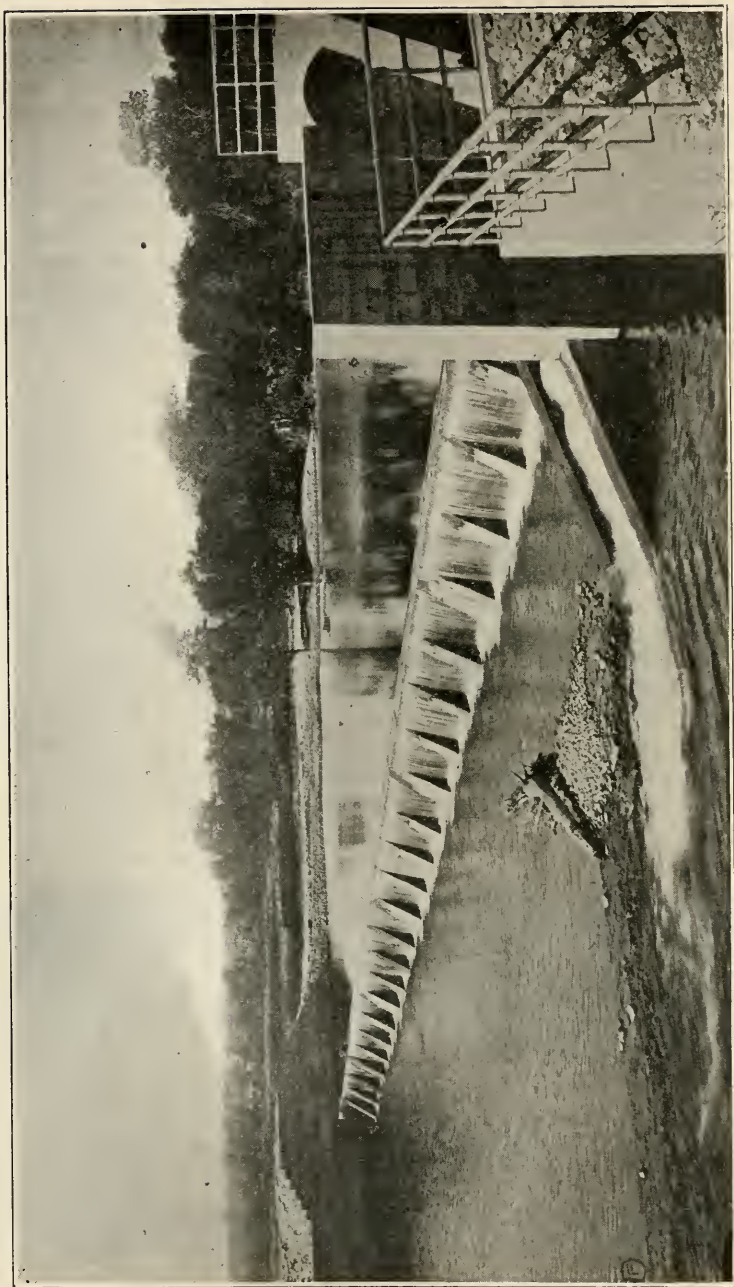


Photo by Geo. Ed. Anderson.
Part of head works and dam of the United Irrigation Project, on Belly river, sixteen miles westerly from Cardston, Canada.

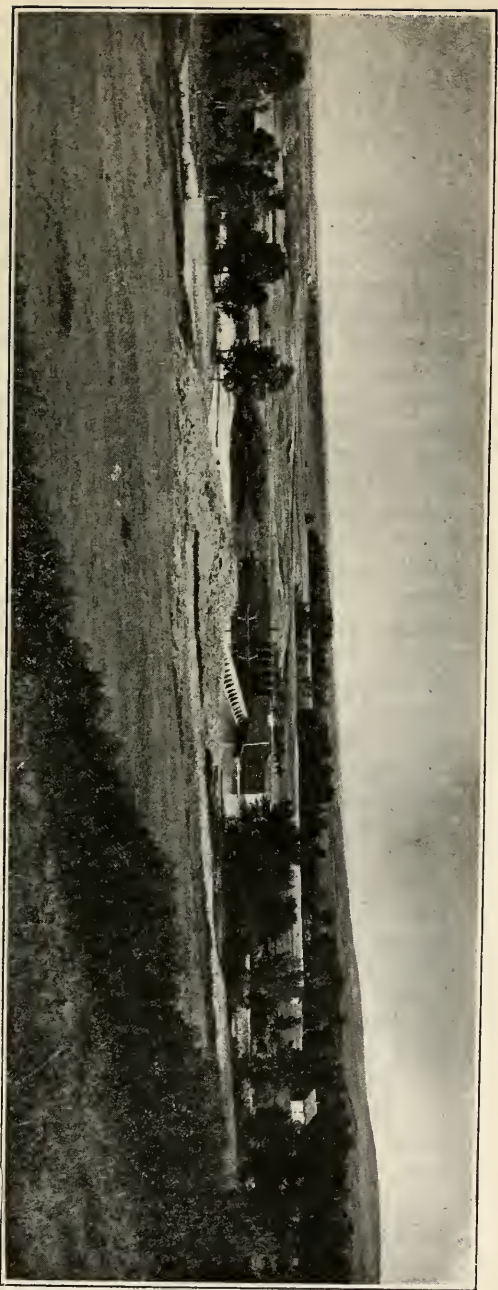


Photo by Geo. Ed. Anderson.

HEAD GATES AND DAM OF THE UNITED IRRIGATION CANAL

Taken from the Blood Indian Reserve side of the river, and looking north down the project.

The land was purchased by the Church, 63,000 acres, in about 1905, under the direction of President Edward J. Wood, from the Cochrane Ranching Co., and has been managed for the Church by President Wood, of the Alberta stake, to date. This land was mostly sold in small tracts to the Latter-day Saints at almost cost. Two towns, Hill Springs and Glenwoodville, of about 300 population each, sprang up. In recent years, on account of unusual drought conditions, an irrigation scheme has been perfected and was completed in the fall of 1923, at a cost of about \$450,000. Some 36,000 acres were brought under water at a cost of about \$15 per acre. Thirty-year 5½% bonds were floated, guaranteed by the Province of Alberta, and were sold to U. S. investors at the highest price of any similar bond issue in Alberta since the war.

The Utah-Idaho Sugar Company officials have visited the district and tentatively talked over "Sugar factory site No. 2" for Alberta, as it lies in the heart of this irrigation tract. Many of our own people are looking towards that cheap irrigated land at from \$30. to \$50. per acre, on reasonable terms, as a suitable place to build homes and rear their families in a hearty, clean and productive place. The water belongs to the settlers and not to a corporation. Annual cost, including interest, principal and maintenance, runs from \$1. to \$2. per acre each year.

The C. P. Railway are extending a branch line into the district from Cardston, thus proving their unbounded faith, both in the people as producers, and in the land as productive.—Joseph Y. Card, President of the Cardston Board of Trade.

ENEMIES OF BACTERIA

BY DR. J. E. GREAVES, UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

The surface of the earth is limited as are also the elements essential for the growth and normal functioning of plants and animals. Furthermore, some plants and most animals are so constituted that they require their food in the form of definite compounds. Such plants and animals must obtain their food from the body of other plants and animals. These conditions have given rise to a constant struggle for existence. It manifests itself among members of the same species; even man competes with man for a place "in the sun." Species struggle with species, the higher preying upon the lower, all down the line. Even the little amoeba devours the still smaller bacterium. The bacterium situated at the bottom in the scale of life returns the compliment, up the scale, with a vengeance. This is true to such a degree that the bacteria are the greatest destroyers of all. They stand as the link between the living and the dead; acting as if they were the time-keepers in the race and fight of life. When the higher plants and animals have had their borrowed material which compose their body, for their allotted time, the bacterium intervenes, ends the race, and returns the elements to the great earthly reservoir of supply so they can be used over and over in the neverceasing drama of life.

In this scheme of things it appears as if bacteria stand apart from other forms of life inasmuch as they have no smaller organisms to prey upon them. Due to their method of multiplication they never grow old; hence, barring accidents, they may be considered to be immortal. It is even likely that they were the first life upon this planet, as some of them can subsist upon the bleak rock watered with the rain, and receiving their energy from the traces of nitric acid which it contains. While it is true that the single-celled forms of life never grow old and are therefore not subject to natural death, yet there are many facts which have recently been brought to light that indicate that bacteria do not hold that enviable position of being free from the attack of smaller microorganisms. Briefly this has come about as follows:

Haukin, in 1896, found that the waters of India purify themselves. The Jumna River at Agra contained 100,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter, while three and one-half miles below it contained only ninety bacteria. It is a well-known fact that these rivers are highly polluted, yet the disease-causing bacteria quickly disappear from them. This is not due to a poison, for none is to be found in them. It is probably something which is alive, for heat destroys it. Whereas cholera organisms quickly disappeared from these natural

waters, they actually multiplied in the same water after it had been boiled.

Haffkin, who was in charge of a laboratory where plague vaccine was produced, noticed that some of the cultures of the plague bacteria grew normally for a time, then they would disintegrate and all the plague-producing microbes disappear. This was such a common occurrence that the workers gave to them the name of "suicides." Why did they commit suicide? What was the weapon used in self-destruction if it was a suicide? Today we are told that these were not suicides but still smaller microbes were preying upon them.

In 1915 D'Herelle, of the Pasteur Institute, had under observation an adult, suffering with a severe case of dysentery. Each day a small amount of the feces was placed in a steril tube or bouillon. After incubation at 37° for over night, the growth was filtered through a clay filter which removed all of the dysentery bacilli. This clear filtrate was added to a second tube to which had been added previously the dysentery bacilli. The tube was incubated, and at the end of twenty-four hours the bouillon was cloudy, due to the great number of bacteria which had grown within it. This procedure was repeated daily, when one day, it was found upon examining the tubes prepared the day previously, there was no growth. If a drop of this was carried to another tube, it prevented growth in this tube, even though the beef tea had been previously heavily seeded with the dysentery bacteria. After considerable work of this nature, D'Herelle suggested that in the filtrate was a living organism that grew as a parasite upon the bacteria and destroyed them. To this he gave the name of *bacteriophage*, meaning bacteria-eaters. Thus, fulfilling the philosophic words of the poet:

"Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.
And the greater fleas themselves, in turn, have greater fleas to go on,
While these again have greater still, and greater still, and so on."

Having learned that there is a something which preys upon bacteria, many a question comes to the fore: How large are they? Is it possible to see the bacteriophage even with the most powerful microscope? Can they be counted? What do they feed upon? How do they multiply? Are they different species? If so, do they all attack the bacteria with the same vigor? Can they be used by man to combat the disease causing microbes which attack him? These and many other questions have been asked, and some of them have been answered.

Although the bacteriophage cannot be seen even with the aid of the most powerful microscope, yet they have been measured. This is done by passing them through filters the size of the pore of which have been determined. If they pass through one filter of a definite size but not through another just a size smaller, it is known that in size they must be between the two. By this means it has been found

that the bacteria are many thousand times larger than the bacteriophage.

Bacteria average about one-twenty-five-thousandth of an inch in length; therefore, the bacteriophage are less than a thousandth this size. It requires five hundred million bacteria to weigh one milligram. It would require many thousand times this number of bacteriophage to weigh this much. It is probable that bacteria are as much larger than the bacteriophage as a fly is larger than the bacteria.

These values approximate that of the protein molecule. It appears to leave us in a dilemma; as proteins have been looked upon as the basis of life. Hence, is it possible to have living organisms smaller than the protein molecule? An organism is looked upon as a cell or an aggregate of cells, and a cell as a mass of protoplasm containing a nucleus; and protoplasm is a complex of proteins. When we learned of the bacteria we came to define a cell as a mass of protoplasm containing nuclear material. Therefore we omitted the idea of an organized nucleus. It may be that our concept of the cell will have to be modified so that our description of a living organism may be defined as a micella which is composed of material more simple than the protein. Moreover, as recently suggested by Dr. C. B. Lipman, it may be that life originated with very simple compound and not with the complex protein molecule.

The bacteriophage cannot only be measured, but they can be counted and their speed of multiplication followed. The procedure is very similar to that used in the counting of bacteria. The number of bacteria in any substance is found by diluting with a measured volume of sterile water. The well-diluted material when in the liquid state is poured into some sterile solid media. On solidifying, the bacteria are fixed on the surface and grow until they become so numerous that they may be seen with the naked eye; just as a clump of trees can be seen in the valley from the mountain-side, whereas a single tree may be overlooked. It can be assumed that each group developed from a single microbe; hence, knowing the dilution one can calculate the number of bacteria in the original sample by counting the number of such colonies and multiplying by the dilution.

If measured volumes of the substance to be studied are seeded into heavy cultures of bacteria and then pouring onto a solid medium, the bacteriophage can be counted as bacteria, free from the bacteriophage, multiply and soon become visible. But where the bacteriophage are present the bacteria do not grow; hence, we have a bare space on the culture media. One can ascertain the number of bacteriophage present by counting the bare spots on the medium. In this manner it has been learned that some bacteriophage are found in soil, some in water, and others in the alimentary canal of man and lower animals. Furthermore, we have learned that they multiply more rapidly than do bacteria. They grow only in the body of bacteria, and when from eighteen to twenty-five are present in the body of the bacterium it explodes; the

bacteriophage are liberated and seek other bacteria on which to prey.

Just as Pasteur found it possible to increase the destructive powers of bacteria by successive passage through the bodies of susceptible animals, likewise D'Herelle has found it possible to increase the killing power of the bacteriophage for bacteria by successive cultivation in the body of bacteria. By this means many strains have been produced which quickly devour the typhoid, diphtheria, dysentery, and other disease producers. Moreover, these highly active strains are found in the bodies of individuals recovering from these diseases; whereas, when the disease terminates fatally they are usually absent. Hence, they are probably often the determining factors in recovery.

Therefore, we find that bacteria have their diseases as has man. We are prone to wonder if the bacteriophage in turn have still smaller organisms which prey upon them and, will science develop strains of the bacteriophage which can be liberated in water and thus free them of harmful microbes? Will the physician of the future combat the communicable diseases of man by the use of virulent bacteriophage which will prey upon the disease-causing bacteria? Will it be possible to make community "catching" as is now the case with disease? The indications are that it will. Time alone will answer.

Logan, Utah.

—

Hymn

Ye saints, no cheap salvation
 Can satisfy your souls;
 For you no heav'n testial
 Eternal joy controls;
 Though "pearly gates" and mansions
 Of rest, God's love assures,
 Their glories fade to anguish
 With Father's home not yours.

From sacrifice, then, shrink not
 A higher heav'n to own,
 Where Father, Mother, Brother
 Can share with you their throne;
 Where Gods shall be your helpers
 While angels do your will,
 Eternal progress guiding,
 The goal, perfection still.

Salvation such, celestial,
 Is yours who pay its price—
 Accept God's own true gospel,
 (No substitutes suffice),
 Then, daily live its precepts,
 Serve God with heart and hand;
 O! pay its price with gladness
 And in his presence stand.

Thatcher, Arizona

C. E. RICHARDSON



Photo by Geo. Ed. Anderson.

MEMORIAL TO ESCALANTE

The above monument is prominently located in Spanish Fork, Utah, the plate containing the following inscription:

Escalante, a Spanish Priest, the first white man to look upon this valley, camped with his comrades beside the Spanish Fork, September 23, 1776. Placed to perpetuate the memory of that event by the Spirit of Liberty Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the City of Spanish Fork, 1922.

"Though the Pathfinders die, the Paths Remain Open."

HEROES OF SCIENCE

BY PRES. F. S. HARRIS AND N. I. BUTT OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG
UNIVERSITY

9. LISTER

Perhaps the greatest permanent satisfaction which a person derives in life comes from work which is enjoyed, which helps to make the individual a stronger character, and which renders a positive service to mankind. It is those who have thrown their whole lives into some work which they felt was essential to the welfare of others who have had the most lasting happiness and who are the greatest heroes.

Joseph Lister deserves a prominent place among the heroes of science. Born in an age when a slight wound such as may hardly be noticed today often meant weeks or even months of suffering and perhaps death, he died with the happy knowledge that man is master of the conditions which caused so much suffering and death during his earlier life. Before Lister's great work was accomplished surgeons were called barbers and they could render very little more service to a wounded person than could a barber without the antiseptics which are used today. If a person were injured in the abdomen or in a joint the surgeons of a century ago held little hope for recovery since they knew that only one out of two such persons ever recovered.

In spite of these horrid conditions, Lister, who was born in England in 1827, early in life decided medicine would be his life work. He loved the work, and while he was attending the various colleges and universities where he was trained, he became known as an enthusiastic and thorough student. He had already shown more than ordinary interest in the perplexing problems of the medical world at the time he took out his doctor's degree in 1852.

While Lister was a student working in the hospitals of the colleges, he was deeply impressed by the suffering of the patients when their wounds became inflamed and great quantities of puss needed to be drained out. It was not uncommon to see patients dying in fever and pain, whose bodies were covered with foul-smelling poultices. The physicians tried to be careful by ventilating the rooms, having clean towels, bed clothes, etc., for their patients, but in spite of all their care hospitals were regular death chambers. The stench of the hospitals and the groans of the patients made them disagreeable places to be around.

Determined to improve these conditions if it were in his power to do so, Lister ardently searched for all known facts concerning inflammation and putrefaction. Most of the authorities claimed that it was due to the presence of the oxygen of the air that wounds festered

and developed fatal diseases. From his own observations of patients with the horrid hospital disease, gangrene, Lister had the idea that some sort of a living organism might be at the source of the trouble. As we know, he was right in this supposition, but he discarded the idea after a careful study of the infected sores of a number of patients. He was on the verge of a great discovery, but had not yet sufficient experience and knowledge to carry the idea further.

After leaving the University hospitals, Lister worked with a physician who was having unusual success with his patients because he used dry instead of wet, infected bandages as was usual in the other hospitals, and because he was more careful in keeping everything scrupulously clean. It was another evidence that oxygen was not the whole cause of wound infection.

Gradually Lister was becoming the greatest authority of the time on everything connected with wound infection. But still surgery was not as satisfactory as he hoped it might be. He was eagerly watching for something better.

Being on the alert for anything new on the subject, Lister read the proofs which Louis Pasteur gave that the living organisms, which we now call bacteria, were responsible for decay or disease of vegetable matter. He immediately saw the tremendous significance which this discovery might have on medicine if it applied there. A great many of the mysteries which Lister had been unable fully to comprehend were almost immediately cleared up.

He had noticed that when carbolic acid was poured on the foul matter in hospitals the decay was stopped. Seeing that this was probably due to the poisoning of the bacteria he decided to try its effect on a wound. In the year 1864 one of the patients had a compound fracture which it was thought would eventually cause death. In spite of the fact that Lister used undiluted carbolic acid, which is very injurious in itself, the patient was saved.

Quickly perceiving the injurious action of the pure acid, Lister set about discovering how to dilute it properly. He tried various experiments such as spraying the air with carbolic acid and carefully recorded all results for other physicians. He kept his assistants busily engaged working out the minute details of various ideas until they became weary; but still Lister persisted.

Slowly his fame spread. He was securing recovery of a larger percentage of his patients than other physicians and the recovery was more rapid. In spite of this demonstration of the superiority of his methods there was great opposition to him. It took years for his ideas of antiseptics to spread among even those who saw the results. A few Europeans accepted the idea before 1870 but not many. It was not until 1876 after a visit to Philadelphia that his ideas were used in America.

Did Lister sit down and idly enjoy fame after it finally reluct-

antly came to him? Far from it; he kept on trying to discover other facts which might help lighten the burden of human suffering. He spent a great amount of effort perfecting the tying of arteries and other wounds by means of catgut in place of silk, because silk leaves a permanently defective wound whereas catgut does not.

In conclusion it may be said that Lister was just a plain man in most ways, but he was earnest, eager to do anything which would help develop his beloved medical science, and forgetful of himself. He never asked for fame; it came because he faithfully worked on the problems which appealed to him as being the most fundamental for the welfare of the world. He became famous because he thoroughly prepared himself for a great service to mankind, and did the best he could to make use of his training.

Provo, Utah.

Give God the Credit

BY JOSEPH S. PEERY

All our blessings come from our heavenly Father, "the Giver of every good and perfect gift." Why should we not give him the credit?

Man alone is wholly dependent. Yet many people want to give man all the credit and not recognize man's Maker.

When man cooperates with God and daily seeks the help of the Almighty, then man really grows. He becomes a power for good.

The Savior set us the example of living for the glory of God, not for the glory of man and man's accomplishments. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" is the ideal to work for. In striving for this perfection, self is forgotten; service is the occupation, and joy is the reward.

The Lord's prayer, "for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory," becomes a living reality, expressed in feeling, thought and action. The response is, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Yes, worth while beyond our highest conceptions, to live for the glory of God.

Home From Work

At the click of the gate, I a king become;
My Queen of the Realm waits to welcome me home;
With sturdy Prince John and fair Princess Pat,
Restrained by her side on the old porch mat.
In a leap I am screened by leaves, roses and thorns,
And a whole Royal Family is hugged tight in my arms.

Salt Lake City

AGNES O. NUTTER

THE BARK NEST IN THE CEDAR TREE

BY DR. T. D. REES

It was an early October morning, mother called for me to get up, and, as I looked out, a faint rosy glow lit up the distant east. Father was harnessing the horses ready for an early start to the mountains for a load of wood. This was the pioneer custom and the experience of many a western man and boy. The freshness of the morning and the jolting of the heavy wagon drove all sleep from my eyes and I was awake to the brilliancy of the many-colored leaves of early autumn. We drove up a big, deep canyon, with its steep sides and towering ledges, higher, and higher until we were out of the canyon and up on a mesa covered with cedar trees; here we were to get our load of wood.

Boy-like, I wandered off to the rim of the big cedar flat, where the ledges were perpendicular. Hundreds of feet into the canyon below I observed a large cedar tree in the works of which was a big nest made of cedar bark; it was unusually large, I had never seen anything like it before. It was built of ropes and ropes of cedar bark, twisted around and around until they looked like long curls woven in and out among the branches of the big, stately old tree.

"Hurrah! Father, come and see the wonderful nest," I called, "a big eagle's nest." Father came, looked at it for a moment and then said, "My boy, we shall climb the tree and see what is in your nest." So up we went until we could both look into it. There was no hollow center; it was filled with fluffy bark. Father reached his hand in among the bark and pushed it to the side, and there appeared a large white egg, bigger than any I had ever seen, but when he picked it up for me to see, I nearly fell out of the tree, because looking at me were two dark cavities from the bleached skull of a human being, "What is it?" I cried. "My boy," said father, "this is not an eagle's nest, this is an Indian grave." Then he told me of how the natives often buried their dead in the branches of the trees.

This was the first of many a trip that I made to that spot, as a boy. Others went with me to see this object of interest. The Indian grave, in the big Cedar tree that grew on the brink of the deep canyon. Rangers and woodchoppers who came to the Cedar Mesa seldom failed to visit the lonely grave; there was something about it that drew people to it as if it were a joy to stand in the presence of this relic of the past, and dream of the time when loving hands made the nest and laid the dear one there.

When I grew large enough to ride the range, I often turned off the trail to ride over by the big ledges to see the Indian Grave, in the big, faithful tree. On one occasion quite a crowd of us boys were riding the range; each mounted on a sturdy sure-footed, high-spirited horse;

and, as we came near the cedar grove, there was a wild race for the big tree with the grave. We were all full of the joy of living, in the uncurtailed freedom of the big mountains; with a rush of plunging horses we surrounded the big tree. One of the boys picked up a long stick and poked the bark grave out of the tree. The little bleached skull, and the little white bones crashed over the ledges hundreds of feet to the rocks far below and were broken to splinters and dust. To our surprise, a little buck-skin doll fell at his feet. He picked it up, showed it to us, then tied it on his saddle.

We all remonstrated with him for this act of vandalism, but his answer was:

"Whose grave is this? It doesn't belong to anybody, and I can do as I please with it." We did not wish to quarrel, the act was done, so we rode away from the spot, for the object of interest at that place was gone forever. No more would we run a race to the Indian Grave, on the brink of the big canyon.

All the way back to camp a gloom settled over the boys; few words were spoken, something had gone out of our lives. At camp, each unsettled his horse and hobbled it out for the night. Supper was joyously prepared, and quietly eaten. The dark night gathered around, and we sat in a circle just within the edge of the fire-light. One of the boys said, "I wonder if the spirits of the Indian mother and the little girl ever visit the lonely grave; and if they come tonight and find it gone, will, they hover about us to pass through the woods. An owl began moaning in the pine grove just above our camp, and a coyote's long drawn out howl wafted up from the deep canyon. The leaves rustled near by, stirred by an evening breeze, every one moved nearer the fire, there was an uncanny feeling that seemed to press down upon us as the weird sounds of the night broke the black stillness all around, and thoughts of the desecrated Indian Grave haunted our minds.

The boy who did the deed slipped out to his saddle, unfastened the doll, and brought it back with him, as he again took his place around the fire. His conscience seemed to bother him; he held the doll for a moment, then threw it into the fire. No one spoke, but all were watching, when slowly the buck-skin doll began to sit up and stare at us, then slowly raise its arms above its head, so real, so terrible, that every boy sprang to his feet and fled from the fire. A moment more it burst into flame then there was a small heap of white ashes caught up by the wind and blown away.

Thoughtless boy in the land of freedom, where much belongs to all, in a moment of vandalism, with none to say no, you destroyed that which you can never replace, that which would have been an object of interest for many years. Yes; to you and yours, because it belonged to you and to me in this land which is ours, oh, my America!

Today I passed by the high cedar mesa, with my boys by my

side. How I would like to take them to the grave in the big cedar tree that taught me its lesson in my boyhood days. To tell them its story. How some Indian mother had carefully woven those long cedar bark ropes and wet them with a mother's tears as she tenderly fastened them securely in the branches of the big lonely tree. Then laid her little baby girl among the folds of bark in her last resting place! The mother has gone from off the mountain top, and from out of the valleys to return no more, and all that is left is the story of the nest, and how a thoughtless boy broke it down, and there are none left to build it again! Thoughtless boy, how oft you destroy that which can never be replaced again!

Salt Lake City.

Carnations

'Twas a very happy Christmas	As I stood beside the ocean,
Nineteen hundred twenty-three.	Gazing on the trackless sea;
Very early in the morning	Saw the waves in rhythmic motion
Someone left a gift for me.	Play and dance in merry glee;
Not a glittering, costly present,	And my thoughts in retrospection
But something prized far more:	Saw a lad I knew of yore—
Just a bunch of sweet carnations	Must be he who placed carnations
On the handle of my door.	On the handle of my door.

The sun arose in regal splendor,	It is well to be remembered
Shed its rays o'er all the earth,	By a friend of bygone days,
For the world was celebrating	It is well to tell the story,
The Messiah's lowly birth.	Well to sing these joyous lays.
As my cup of joy was filling,	It is sweet to scatter sunshine
Soon I found it running o'er,	On the rich and on the poor.
When I saw those sweet carnations,	Pleasing 'twas to place carnations
On the handle of my door.	On the handle of my door.

So I thank my heavenly Father
 For my happiness and joy;
 And I thank him for the flowers,
 And I thank him for the boy,
 Now a man, a friend, a brother,
 Whom to know is to adore.
 Thank him for those sweet carnations
 On the handle of my door.

Santa Monica, California.

GEORGE H. THOMAS.

THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY SUMMER SESSION

Special Advantages are Offered

BY LOWRY NELSON, DIRECTOR EXTENSION DIVISION, B. Y. U.

The summer quarter at the Brigham Young University commencing June 8 will be a "regular" quarter with a rich curriculum, and a large resident faculty supplemented by some of the leading educators of the nation. Students will find available, practically the same courses and facilities as are available during the other quarters of the school year.

This arrangement makes it possible for students who are working towards a degree to satisfy group and major and minor requirements, and makes available graduate work in all the branches.

Provo offers special inducements to the student seeking educational advancement during the summer. In the first place it is centrally located for Utah students, and it is from Utah and Idaho that Young University pulls its summer enrollment. In the second place, the facilities for enhancing student life with recreational activities are unparalleled in the state. The largest body of fresh water in the west, beautiful Lake Utah, is adjacent to Provo City, and affords excellent boating, bathing, and fishing. Several special excursions are taken each summer, at an expense within the reach of all.

But the lake is only one feature that beckons the student to the out-of-doors. There are the majestic Utah valley mountains. The moonlight hike to Maple Flat on the mountains east of Provo is an experience which is never forgotten.

Provo river, a mecca for Utah fishermen, holds additional thrills for the adventurer in its quiet jungles of cottonwood, boxelder, and wild roses, not to mention its contribution of sporting trout which await the "Complete Angler". Sunrise and sunset hikes are conducted to the river.

The canyons near Provo are of unparalleled majesty. Provo canyon with its wonderful waterfalls, and its rugged magnificence, leads into the Provo valley to the north where the ever inviting "Hot-pots" lure hundreds of bathers. Up the North Fork of the Provo is to be found the campus of the B. Y. U. Alpine Summer School at the base of Mt. Timpanogos. This is located on the celebrated Timpanogos Scenic Highway which leads into Amercian Fork Canyon where is located the famous Timpanogos Cave.

Trips to all of these points are taken at very small expense. Then there is the caravan to the scenic wonders of southern Utah which is participated in during the first term. The famous Timpanogos



B. Y. U. ALPINE SUMMER SCHOOL, AT BASE OF MT. TIMPANOGOS



B. Y. U. SUMMER SCHOOL

1. Fishing on Provo river.
2. Alpine Summer School campers.
3. On fair Strawberry Lake.
4. Mists on the mountains, Aspen Grove.
5. Dormitory tents, Alpine Summer School.
6. Hunting Salamanders.
7. A delightful path through the woods.
8. Nymphs of the falls.
9. Alpine mixed chorus.
10. Afternoon play.

Hike, the largest community hike in the world occurs at the close of the first term.

The second term of the summer session is held at Aspen Grove. This is one of the most unique summer schools in America. Located at an altitude of 7,500 feet in the very midst of Alpine beauty, this school has excited the keenest enthusiasm of the noted men who have been its instructors, and of the students as well. Dr. H. C. Cowles declared it to be the most wonderful natural laboratory of plant life which he knew anything about in the temperate zone. This noted plant ecologist spent two summers there, bringing with him a class of about twenty students from Chicago.

The capacity of the Alpine school is to be increased this coming term so as to accommodate about 200 students, or approximately double the number who have been able to attend in the past. The courses offered include not alone the natural sciences, but such subjects as landscape painting, nature poetry, philosophy, and others.

The B. Y. U. Summer quarter offers all that does any other quarter at the school and in addition presents the unusual opportunity of meeting men and women of national significance. This institution first introduced to the state such noted scholars as Ellwood Cowles, Devine, Bolton, Rugh. Consistent and regular work plus a rich social experience is the program of the summer session for 1925.
Provo, Utah



OUTING IN CASCADE

In Cascade, Montana, some 200 Latter-day Saints have established a little community under one of the irrigation enterprises of the State. This picture is one of the Mutual outing during the summer of 1924. It is interesting as showing the effect of the Mutual movement, even in the remotest parts of the Church, for sociability and clean recreation. We congratulate the Cascade people and hope to hear from them often.

A NATIONAL CENTER FOR SUMMER STUDY AND RECREATION

BY DR. ELMER G. PETERSON, PRESIDENT UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Utah is within reach of the very great ideal which the National Summer School set for itself in 1924; that is, the establishment of an American center in Utah for summer study and recreation. Hearing the echoes of our endeavor, Mr. I. K. Russell of Chicago, one of Utah's gifted sons, saw what we had seen here and expressed it in these words:

"The thing that has been started by the Utah Agricultural College seems to me to be a stone dropped into a national whirlpool. It has started ripples that will be years in reaching their last splash against a shore line. A National Institution can be reared there in Logan, a summering spot for the disinterested intellectual leadership of America, if not the world."

Mr. Russell has said what was in mind when the College launched this enterprise.

Where more appropriately might the great thinkers, scientists, and philosophers, the poets and artists of our generation assemble than in Logan? Situated at the very feet of the Wasatch, in a very plethora of summer beauty, fanned by breezes from the great hills, cool from mountain snow, with the odors of pine and balsam and the lure of almost infinite mountain stretches on all sides, Logan can become one of the distinguished cities of America. Lakes and rivers and great national parks are near at hand. And the campus of the College itself, pronounced by Professor Cowles the most beautiful in America, is a fit setting for such a national undertaking.

What Was Thought of the 1924 Session

From a very large list of comments which have been received the following will evidence how universal was the enthusiasm which greeted the National Summer School in 1924, by many of the leaders in American thought and education:

"In the whole range of the mountain region there is no institution more beautifully located than the Agricultural College of Utah. Summer work in this cool mountain atmosphere cannot fail to be restful and strengthening in a high degree, far more so than in the crowded sessions of a city university." (Signed) *David Starr Jordan*, President Emeritus, Stanford University.

"Certainly the idea of a National Summer School in the intermountain west is feasible. It should be continued, and should grow by attendance from all the eastern states as well as from the Rocky Mountain and Pacific states. To the eastern student a summer session in Logan will be a liberal education in itself—a revelation of what the word America means. The Utah Agricultural College is to be thanked and congratulated on having

established this school." (Signed) *Frederick J. Turner*, Professor of History, Harvard University.

"I can see good reasons to believe that a National Summer School in the intermountain region can be made successful in future years as it is this year (1924). You have the attractions in scenery, the easy excursions of interest and the climate which will attract students from the east if they learn about them." (Signed) *E. V. McCollum*, Professor of Bio-Chemistry, Johns Hopkins University.

"The success of the 1924 Summer School at Logan demonstrates the feasibility of a National Summer School in the intermountain West. The Utah Agricultural College has unique advantages for the study of the natural history group of sciences while for the ordinary academic studies it is hard to imagine an environment better suited for their successful prosecution." (Signed) *John Adams*, Professor of Education, University of London.

"I have been greatly impressed with your attempt to create a National Summer School at the Utah Agricultural College. You have succeeded so well in your first venture that its permanent success seems secure. Geographically, the school is splendidly situated commanding an unforgettable view. Its social and spiritual atmosphere is of equal excellence." (Signed) *Edward A. Steiner*, Professor of Applied Christianity, Grinnell College.

"It seems to me you have already demonstrated the feasibility of a National Summer School at the Utah Agricultural College. Anyone who can go out into the mountains during the summer, will find Logan a delightful place, with its bracing air, cool nights and its beautiful scenery. So far as work in geology is concerned, there are few places in the West that offer such a variety of field problems and opportunities for studying nature as it does." (Signed) *Eliot Blackwelder*, Professor of Geology, Stanford University.

"The Utah Agricultural College has organized for its National Summer School, a faculty unequalled in the history of America. This National Summer School will present the greatest opportunities for summer study between the seas." (Signed) *J. W. Searson*, Editor of the *Educational Digest*, and Professor of English, University of Nebraska.

The 1925 Plans

The foundation of such an enterprise must be sunk deep in fundamental scholarship. Learning must be the prime motive. The great scenic and recreational features, unsurpassed as they are in the world, in certain aspects must be only the beautiful and inspiring background. Education is in the foreground. With this in mind, the 1924 session was held with a resulting success which strengthened the idea of the permanency of the project. In 1925 plans approved by the Board of Trustees of the College include the assembling of an even greater array of talent than in 1924. President Burton of the University of Michigan in a letter to the College said:

"I congratulate you upon the plan which you have in mind, and I believe it ought to produce results which will be of value to the entire world of higher education."

The 1925 faculty will be an at least partial fulfilment of this expectation of President Burton. Search was made for the greater

minds of America and even of foreign countries. Many of the leaders are international in repute. Certainly in the entire history of summer schools in America no more eminent group was ever assembled. It may be that none equals this. The list so far completed includes the following:

Teaching Faculty

Professor W. C. Allee, Department of Zoology, University of Chicago, Zoology.
Miss Alma Binzel, Lecturer Columbia, Educational Director American Federation of Child Study, Child Psychology and Habit Formation, Training for Parenthood.

Professor James E. Boyle, Department of Agricultural Economics, Cornell University. Farm Organization and Marketing.

Professor T. N. Carver, Department of Economics, Harvard University, Economics and Political Science.

Professor Henry C. Cowles, Department of Botany, University of Chicago, Botany.

Professor Peter W. Dykema, Director of Music Education, Columbia University, Music and Recreational Leadership.

Professor Charles A. Ellwood, Department of Sociology, University of Missouri, President American Sociological Society. Sociology.

Professor Raymond Franzen, Department of Psychology, University of California. Psychology.

Miss Edna Giester, Lecturer in Recreational Leadership, Columbia. Plays and Games.

Miss Mary Wood Hinman, Hinman Dancing School. Special teacher at Columbia and Chicago Universities. Dancing and Pageantry.

Professor R. B. Kester, Department of Accounting, Columbia University. Accounting Applied.

Professor W. H. Kilpatrick, Department of Education, Columbia University. Education and Philosophy of Education.

Professor George C. Louderbeck, Department of Geology, University of California. Geology.

Professor E. V. McCollum, Department of Nutrition, Johns Hopkins University. Human Nutrition.

Professor E. Lawrence Palmer, Department of Nature Study, Cornell University. Rural Education.

Mrs. E. Palmer, Formerly Professor of Geology, University of Washington, Editor of *Cornell Rural School Leaflet*. Rural Education.

Dr. M. J. Rosenau, Department of Preventive Medicine and Direction School of Public Health, Harvard University. Health Education, and Public Health.

Professor G. G. Sedgewick, Department of English, University of British Columbia. English and Literature.

Miss Elga M. Shearer, Supervisor of Primary and Elementary Grades, Long Beach, California. Education.

Professor Frederick J. Turner, Department of History, Harvard University. History.

Professor John A. Widtsoe, Formerly President of University of Utah and of the Utah Agricultural College. Irrigation Practice and Economics.

Mr. M. L. Walker, Manager, Washburn Manufacturing Company, Worcester, Massachusetts. Efficiency management.

Special Lecturers

Professor Shailer Matthews, Dean of the Divinity School, University of Chicago. The Life of Christ and Social Problems.

Professor Edward Howard Griggs, Educator, Lecturer, New York City. The Five American Statesmen and the Dramas of Protest.



Top row: Henry C. Cowles, Department of Botany, University of Chicago; E. Laurence Palmer, Professor of Rural Education, Cornell University. Editor of the *Cornell Rural Leaflet*; T. N. Carver, Professor of Economics and Political Science, Harvard University. Center row: E. A. Steiner, Head Department of Social Science and Applied Christianity, Grinnell College; Frederick J. Turner, Professor of History, Harvard University; Shailer Matthews, Dean of the Divinity School, University of Chicago. Bottom row: Charles A. Ellwood, Professor of Sociology, University of Missouri, Immediate past President of the American Sociological Society; James E. Boyle, Professor of Rural Economics, Cornell University; Alma Binzel, Lecturer at Columbia University and Educational Director of the Child Study Association of America.

Professor E. A. Steiner, Professor of Applied Christianity, Grinnell College, Iowa. Social Problems.

Dr. A. E. Winship, Editor of the *Journal of Education*, Boston, Massachusetts. Education.

It will be noted that there are certain great groups into which this unusual talent assort itself: The Educational Group, the Natural Science Group, History and Social Science, and the English Accounting, Business Management.



John A. Widtsoe, formerly President U. A. C. and U. of U.,
Chairman Church Commission of Education. Irrigation
Practice and Economics

Then we have irrigation and farm organization, the two greater problems confronting farmers of the west and students of agriculture as well as those of irrigation and of farm marketing. Dr. John A. Widtsoe, formerly President of the Utah Agricultural College, will give courses for six weeks in irrigation practice and economics. Dr. Widtsoe is so well known as to require no extensive introduction. His message is now of particular importance because of his work in connection with

reclamation enterprise in the west. Former students of his will be greatly interested in his return to the class room for a short season again. Dr. James E. Boyle will give the courses in organization and marketing. These two teachers will be of interest to county agents, teachers in the high schools, in Smith-Hughes work, Farm Bureau leaders, canal managers and others. A large number of other courses will be given by the regular faculty of the College in agronomy, poultry, dairy, husbandry and manufacturing, and other related agricultural courses.



E. V. McCollum, Department of Human Nutrition,
Johns Hopkins University

Public Health and Home Economics.—Utah and the intermountain west are particularly fortunate in having two of the world's greatest scientists to give courses each for six weeks in health and home economics subjects. Dr. E. V. McCollum, Professor of Nutrition at Johns Hopkins University, was at Logan last summer and the state knows of the almost sensational importance of the courses in nutrition and bodily health which he gave at that time. The state was inspired

by his teaching and by the significance, social and personal, of the great message which he delivered.

As unusual as anything else connected with the 1925 Summer School is the fact that Dr. M. J. Rosenau, Director of the School of Public Health of Harvard University, will be at Logan for six weeks giving courses in Public Health. Unsurpassed in the world in authority on public health and preventive medicine, Dr. Rosenau accepted the invitation here in place of elsewhere in America where he was sought, because of his great desire to get the message of Public Health out to the intermountain west.

Recreational Leadership—Of special interest to church workers in recreation as well as to scout leaders, music supervisors and teachers, is the coming of Professor Peter W. Dykema, Director of Music Education of Columbia University, who will offer two weeks of work in music and community singing. He is the undisputed leader in America in education in school music. Professor Dykema will be followed by Miss Edna Giester of Illinois, teacher at Columbia and Chicago universities, in plays and games for one week. Miss Giester has attained wide fame as leader in this work. She will be followed by Miss Mary Wood Hinman in courses in dancing and pageantry for three weeks. Miss Hinman, formerly teacher at Columbia and other universities and colleges, is considered one of the most talented and versatile leaders in dancing and pageantry, probably unexcelled in America in her mastery in these fields. Professors Claud C. Cornwall and W. O. Robinson, well known through Utah and the surrounding states, have been added, for two weeks each, to the faculty in recreational leadership for the summer session.

A large array of other courses will be offered by the resident faculty, thus supplying a very comprehensive program for teachers, business and professional men, mothers, farmers, county agents, home demonstrators and faculties in high schools and colleges.

Education Not a Medicine

Education must be made the concern of all. It should be a part of all business undertaking, a never-ending task of all employers of labor and of all laborers, of fathers and mothers, of all in fact who deal with their fellows—a task to all alike of giving, and also receiving. It is, of course, the main business of the Church. And the home is the greatest educational institution after all, and the mother is the greatest teacher. One of the hopes entertained for the National Summer School is that it will help to break down the formalism which is coming to occupy too large a place in education. It is hoped that the great teachers brought here will make sharper distinctions than are sometimes apparent between scholasticism and learning, that they will lift up the eyes of teachers and students alike to the great truths which encompass all education, the everlasting moral and spiritual foundations upon which all learning is based.

This Summer School, in addition to its message to business and professional men, to farmers and mothers and others, will supply the needs of elementary and high school teachers and of teachers in colleges and universities, by way of giving them the most advanced thought in pedagogy and methods of teaching; it will do more than this. It will give them contact with great scholars, men and women who have impressed their time. There will be a certain inspiration which great characters radiate which the students will feel. There will be masterly presentation, there will be great dignity of thought and expression, there will be comprehensiveness of view, of sympathy and ideal. There will be the tone of educational authority not of mimicry. There will be great probity, personal and professional. There will be what may be called generosity of mind and disposition. It is such



Miss Elga Shearer, Primary and Elementary School
Teaching, California.

quality as this that the teacher needs above all else, because with it good teaching must inevitably follow.

For whatever service is rendered in thus adjusting our thought to proper channels, we shall be thankful. In the meantime it is not premature, I hope, to think that what has been begun is the beginning of an enterprise which will continue to attract many of the leading thinkers of our country and it may be many thousands, in time, of the more thoughtful of the student population of America. Undeniably there is here an opportunity of considerable magnitude to bring honor and distinction to Utah, yet the future only, of course, can determine the possibilities and the limitations of the National Summer School.

Logan, Utah.

A FISH THAT GOT BIT

BY GLEN PERRINS

When I was 17 or 18 years of age I slipped away from mother's apron strings and visited an old time state fair. I, of course, felt very free, and the four dollars which I jingled in my trouser pocket gave me the impression that I owned the world. I thought that I knew almost everything about state fairs and that I was thoroughly "wise" to the trick games, of which I had read a great deal. A bite at one of the concessions, however, assured me that I still had a little to learn.

"Hit the Kitties" was a popular sport in those days,—for "green horns." A ball was purchased for 50c and a cloth cat stood up. The idea of the game was to knock him off the shelf and win a "genuine Navajo blanket." It was, of course, the fellow at the stand assured me, a "game of skill." I felt that the crowd was watching, so I marched boldly up to the stand, purchased three balls and "wang." Down went the cat, but not off the perch. Again, and the same luck.

"Hit it up a little higher," said the concession dealer. "Like this * * * " and off fell the cat.

So I tried it again, but I did not have such good fortune.

"Take it easy," said the fellow at the stand. "Here are a couple of shots free, try it again, just to practice."

The crowd by this time had gathered around. I picked up the balls and to my surprise knocked the cats down, and this time clear off their perch. With this encouragement I felt confident so I paid another dollar and tried "my skill" again,—twice,—but no luck.

Then, when I had failed, the "considerate" concession dealer "kindly confided" that more people were standing beside me and that his business was bound to pick up. To promote his trade he said he would give me my money back, together with a Navajo blanket, if I knocked any cat off the shelf, once.

I still had a dollar fifty left. I jingled it a moment, and then laid down another dollar, this time, however, thoughtfully. I was wondering * * * so I asked him if I might try a few practice shots first.

"Sure," he replied. And again I had good luck,—the cats fairly rolled off the shelf.

"Now for a Navajo," I cried, and hit a cat square in the head. It balanced, dangerously near the edge, and then, as I stood gapping at it, the cat settled back into place. The same with the second shot. I began to grow discouraged, and was not half as eager to part with my remaining fifty cents. I wondered if I was a "fish" biting temptingly at a mirage bait. I had heard of skin games, and now when my

"pin money" was almost exhausted I began to get suspicious. Nevertheless, I tried again, and left, as the concession dealer assured me, "a good sport," but broke.

About this time a small boy who was "wise" took hold of my arm and taking me aside told me how I had "bit:"

When the concession owner of the "skin game" wanted me to knock the cat off, as he did when I was practicing, or "showing off," he moved the cat back on the shelf an inch,—just enough so that a hit placed high enough up, and with a reasonable amount of skill, it would fall off. But that when I was really playing for a blanket the cat was moved back into place, and it is almost impossible to win a "genuine Navajo."

Yes, Barnum was right: there is one born every minute (or oftener) and I had been one of them. I was a fish that got bit. Of course, feeling the loss of my four dollars quite heavily, I explained to the head concession dealer, but he laughed. I had to swallow my "educational experience," bitterly, as it was given me then. I was cured of "biting" at "skin games."

Boast Not

Boast not of the things you're going to do	Dream not of reaping a harvest, Of rewards both rich and great,
In the future far away, Forgetful of the many tasks	But rightly seed life's furrow, Ere the Spring wears on too late.
Awaiting your efforts today. The future years might fail you,	Would you be one of the mowers, Be thou first one of the sowers,
Misfortune's hand entail you, Beter fix your heed	With the soil well tilled, And the furrow well filled,
On the present need, And do the works of today.	You can safely rest and wait.

Sing not of the crown you hope to wear,
Sometime in eternity,
For mystery shrouds that better land;
Today is for me and you,
Today 'tis to shun temptation,
Thereby make some preparation
To meet your God,
On Celestial sod,
And be crowned eternally.

MONSIEUR BRUIN

BY ALVERDA ALTMAN HARBAUGH

As the highways have flung their great arms into the remote places, making possible the invasion of hunter and tourist, encounters between man and beast have become numerous. Many tales are told of these adventures but none are more thrilling than those which have for their hero or villain, as the case may be, that great giant of the forest, Monsieur Bruin, thrill producer par excellence.

Witness the experience of a quiet and respectable newspaper man who was seeking rest and solitude in a lonely mountain retreat. Yielding to his one and only hobby, he was riding his beloved bicycle down an old stage road one afternoon. His very soul was enjoying the calm graciousness of that autumn day, when suddenly rounding a curve, he came upon a giant bear sitting placidly in the middle of the road. Automatically he thrust out his foot to stop his wheel but he put such force behind the action that the wheel stopped with a jerk and he went with hurtling momentum over the handle bars straight at Monsieur Bruin. Every moment, which seemed a life time, he expected to feel the soft impact of a furry body, the embrace of powerful arms and the caress of ravenous jaws. These delightful anticipations were interrupted as he struck the planked road with a thud and lifted his head in time to see the bear tearing madly down the mountain-side pursued by the wildly careening wheel. And he realized all too late that perhaps the most thrilling moment of his life had passed quite unappreciated.

Another experience quite as sensational while it lasted was that of Deputy Game Warden Phil Motschenbacher. He and a companion were hunting one day, near the head waters of the Rogue River in Oregon, when he sighted a bear browsing in the brush. He took aim and shot the bear in the hind quarters. Angered by this unexpected assault, the great animal turned and charged straight at his foe. The game warden fired again, wounding the animal severely but failing to stop for an instant his maddened onrush. A third shot piercing the abdomen proved fatal but not a moment too soon for the bear was so close that his nose was burned with the powder.

Far more accommodating was the bear recently shot at Diamond Lake, Oregon. Bruin had climbed up a tree where perhaps he fancied himself quite safe until an enterprising truck driver came along. He drove the truck under bruin's perch and shot him. Without further ado the bear tumbled accommodatingly into the truck, quite dead and ready to be transported.

Not everyone is fortunate enough to be equipped with a truck and a gun when his opportunity for a great thrill arrives. Russell

Emery, a ranch hand on ZX ranch near Silver Lake, Oregon, had only his trusty steed and a lariat when he encountered a bear wandering around one of the fields. Nothing daunted, the man started in hot pursuit, twirling his lariat as he went. He succeeded in throwing the noose over bruin's head but could not hold him. At a second attempt he caught the bear's foot but again the animal extricated himself and crashing through corrals and fences reached the brush and safety. This incident might prove a good suggestion for the managers of the various rodeos that are so popular just now. Imagine the thrill it would give the great crowds of people that gather each year to see the steer-roping contests if, when the gates were thrown open, instead of the expected steers, out rushed a number of giant bears, wild and ferocious, pursued by the dauntless cowboys with their lariats.

Hundreds of people every summer enjoy the bears in our National parks. These creatures, half wild, half tame, perform some most amusing antics and provide a milder sort of thrill for those in search of safe and sane adventure. Yellowstone National Park boasts a hold-up or bandit bear, named Jesse James. This wise bruin has long ago ceased to forage for his meals. Instead, he has a favorite spot on the road to Yellowstone Lake where he lies in wait for tourists. As they approach he rears upon his hind feet and growls ferociously until appeased with offerings of food and sweets. Needless to say, he has grown disgracefully fat and lazy and somewhat unreliable as to disposition. Rainier National Park has several rather small, brown bears which have learned the ways of men and their cameras and have become adept, even vain, at posing by the roadside for their pictures. Crowds of people may gather near them and a constant stream of passing machines disturbs them not at all but let one of the vivid red auto stages approach and they immediately scramble wildly up the nearest tree, where they insist upon remaining until the offending car has disappeared around a curve. Has bruin a color complex perhaps or has the red glow of the forest fire taught him to fear all things of flaming hue?

Far up in the mountains on the road between Ashland and Klamath Falls, Oregon, lives a lone black bear amid surroundings so wild that they must seem a veritable paradise to him as he gazes at them from his strange cage. Many prison homes has he known but never one like this which is really a miniature log cabin—much like the one his master occupies near by—surrounded by a high stockade. At night he can hear the weird call of the coyote and the stir of night life among the creatures of the forest. Perhaps another bear wanders near and he feels the urge to be free and roam the hills with his kind. Or perhaps he only lies and dreams strange dreams of the only life he has ever known, for this bear has traveled the whole wide world around. He has wandered with his master through most of the countries of Europe, visiting the little hamlets, entertaining groups of

strange looking people whose laughter and applause he could understand but whose language sounded queer even to a bear. He has crossed the ocean several times and experienced the pangs of seasickness and the joy of finding himself safely on land once more. He has entertained thousands of people under the great "white-top tents" in America and delighted innumerable children with his strange antics. Now he is old and his useful days are past, yet scarcely a tourist passes over that lonely mountain road without stopping to admire this great shaggy animal and feel mildly thrilled at the story of his adventures.

Hair-breadth escapes, dangerous combats, interesting escapades or pleasant surprises, whatever one may ask in the way of a thrill will all be supplied by a chance encounter with Monsieur Bruin. For whether wild or tame, foe or friend, there is something about the very presence of this mighty beast that arouses strange primitive emotions in the heart of all mankind.

Portland, Oregon

Only a Day

Only a day in which to live,
 To "do or die,"
 And say, "Will I?"
 As the wages of sin gain ground.

Can only a day be ample time
 To win that fight,
 And say, "All's right,"
 Before the morn of the trumpet sound?

What!—Only a day to do our work?
 "Oh no! Oh no!"
 Not so! Not so!—
 There may be a morrow—We don't care."

But that "only a day" is lost,
 If the setting sun
 Sees nothing done,
 And the mortal is down in despair.

Yes, only a day is ample time;
 For many a man,
 Who said, "I can!"
 Gained the top of the world we say.

They fought not brilliantly well, but said:
 "The work can be done,
 If it's just begun
 With the knowledge: "There's only a day.' "

Sugar City, Idaho

S. ROBERT BJORKMAN

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY

A True Incident

BY S. C. RICHARDSON

This world would be in a sad state if there were not a little justifiable skepticism, but the incidents that come into our lives can not fail to influence, and often, nearly form the character that makes our real selves.

The following is one of many incidents that have had a great influence in my mind against working on the Sabbath day.

In 189—, six of us were filling a contract of Mesquite-root wood, for Uncle Sam's soldiers. Our camp was about forty miles by the road, around the point of the mountains, east of Deming. One Saturday night the measurement showed that a load from each, and two extra would finish the job.

As we sat around the fire that evening, the one in charge of our work, whom I will call John Hatton, said, "I don't like to work on Sunday, but we are away from home, and if we wait till Monday, we must have more water, and must care for our animals another day, so let's put in the Sabbath, and go home. What do you say?"

When it came my turn to speak I said, "I have never felt, even from a financial standpoint, that it has paid me to work on Sunday, I would rather wait another day."

"Well," Mr. Hatton said, "it's so easy to go to an extreme on these little things. I am never afraid of its making any difference about Sunday in a case like this, where it's justified. Let's work."

"If you say so," I replied, "but we would never know the difference of another day. I think we would not be justified." Then I told how the day might be profitably occupied.

There were smiles, as they said how much nicer it would be to do that at home on Tuesday, if we wanted to do it.

So it was settled. We would work on Sunday and go home on Monday. We did the first but not the next.

As daylight began, those who had gone to round up the horses, came in with only part of them. For some reason they had scattered badly.

Breakfast was eaten and another trip brought in all but Mr. Hatton's mules. All took another trip, and the animals' tracks were found going north. Then Mr. Hatton came to me. "Sullie, I believe you are the best hand at tracking in the crowd. If you will take one of your horses and go for the lost mules, we will double in on your wagon and animals and get your load in. I think they are not stolen, and they may have just started back to their old range near Deming."

I went, followed the tracks along the foothills, up a canyon, over

the lower ridges where they led from the higher range of mountains, down the west side, to a ranch where they got water, then in a direct line to where they had ranged so long.

Just before sundown I found them a mile or two south of the little house where Mr. Hatton had lived two or three years.

A little Hatton boy got me a saddle to ride back on, for I was greatly in need of one. Putting it on a mule, I fastened the other to my mare and could travel.

It clouded up and rained enough to wet me through, and when about four miles from our camp, where the track left the road, it was so dark I had to get off and crawl along for several rods feeling for the tracks that turned away, being guided to the place by the lighter color of the thick, frost-bitten grass that showed the bottom of the swale.

Twice this was repeated. I lighted every match I had at the first trail. When the mule was put onto the track, I was quite sure of the animal following it, but without the track, no one could possibly have found our camp in that little sheltered swale.

A little after eleven, I rode up to the fire around which all were still seated, discussing the day and its troubles.

The animals made no sound on the damp earth, and as I came near I heard Mr. Hatton say, "By Jucks! I'd give five dollars to have Sullie ride up with them mules."

"Here they are," I called out, "pull out your money."

There was certainly rejoicing, but the greater part of Monday had passed before we were through with it, and I am certain that what might have made that Sunday a pleasure was never done at home.

A single instance of this kind may be smiled away, by saying, "It just happened so," but when similar cases follow one after another in succession, one soon makes up his mind not too quickly to justify himself in breaking the Sabbath.

Thatcher, Arizona.

The Son of Man

Time was in the meridian,
When he, the Christ man came:
And lived on earth among men:
Time in fullness, and again
He comes,—O Glorious Name;
As Lord and King to reign.

Prepare the path—make straight the way,
For Him, our God-man King,
To come; His Saints adore Him:
By works of Faith, as good men pray,
We'll pave the path and sing
Our hallelujahs to His Name.

Amen.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

AUBREY J. PARKER

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH OURSELVES

BY LON J. HADDOCK

We can be what we will to be! We can be live, alert, upstanding, forward-pushing individuals in a world of real, red-blooded, doing men and women, or—

We can be free-and-easy, go-as-you please-ey, dull, dead (though not buried) units of usefulness, parading as human beings; ready and eager to make all manner of excuses for our failures and to place the blame anywhere and everywhere but where it belongs, namely, on—ourselves!

Boys and girls, men and women, no matter what their caste, color, or creed; regardless of birth, environment or circumstance are, in the last analysis, more, much more the result of their own thinking than the world, heretofore, has realized. We are what we will to be! and nothing can make us other than we now are, save our willing.* What we are today is the sum total of our thinking in our yesterdays, and what we think today will manifest in our tomorrows.

I have no patience for the preachments of the fatalist. I do not believe that men and women are predestined, or predetermined or forecasted into definite moulds to issue forth, eventually, cut and dried, polished and painted mannikins to be pulled and jerked into scheduled action at the whim or caprice of some purposeless operator.

"Life is real; life is earnest! and the grave is not its goal!" so sang the poet, and so sing I. The grave is not its goal! Does any wide-awake individual think the grave is life's goal? Can life have a goal? Can there be a determining post, a finishing place, a terminal for life? Life is real; life is earnest—yes, and life, too, is unlimited and everlasting! Down through the countless ages of the past it has come, its potent germ transmitted from one generation to another throughout the bewildering eons of never-ending time to manifest itself today in you and me and all the human beings we see about us; and on it will continue, on, on into the endless eternities!

Within each one and everyone of us is this sacred life-germ, laden with all the adaptations and modifications which circumstances and conditions have given it to manifest itself today, in the personality and character of you and me. Our sacred heritage! Transmitted through the groans and sufferings, the blood and tears, the pain and labor, the love and heroic sacrifice of uncountable heroes and heroines; each of whom in his place and time has done his part well or weakly that the race† might live!

*Which, (our will) to enlist us in the right direction and give us real success, must always be based on the will, help, laws and commandments of God.—*Editors.*

†And the individual.—*Editors.*

With the vision of such a heritage, shining like a "pillar of fire" before our consciousness shall we call life dull or dreary or void of purpose? Shall we mope and mutter and lay the blame on this, that, or the other for our failure heretofore, to get out of life what we fairly had the right to expect? or in step with the poem shall we, "then be up and doing, with a heart for every fate?"

We can be what we will to be! I want to keep banging away at that phrase until I get it so fixed in your consciousness that it will keep ding-donging away at you forevermore. We can be what we will to be! Mothers going about your manifold duties in the hum-drum drudgery of everyday housework, let the phrase go dinging away in your sub-consciousness (we shall have much to say of the sub-conscious later on). Farmers in your labors about the farm, let it ring in your mind and, what is more, say it aloud only use the pronoun "I" for "We"; "I can be what I will to be!" Talk it out loud, don't be afraid to say it and—feel it! Boys and girls to whom this article may come, Greetings! I invite you, nay, I urge you to get a first-hand, honest-to-goodness acquaintance with this saying. Say it over aloud and then ponder it. Ask yourself the question if it is true that I can be what I will to be? and then in the light of what I shall have to say to you later—if you will only maintain an open attitude of mind—I hope to have the privilege and pleasure of convincing you that the saying is not extravagant, not far-fetched, but that it is true, demonstrable and soundly scientific.

"But," I can fancy hearing you say, "if I can be what I will to be, do you think I would be where I am today and living under an environment not at all to my liking?" Wait! and here we begin to embark upon our excursion—just how much willing have you done? How much planning and purpose have you put into your life thus far? How fully have you analyzed your past performances? your present predilections? your potential possibilities? How many times have you sat down quietly and undisturbed and *talked things over with yourself*? How well acquainted with yourself are you? How often do you check up on your faults and failings? What do you know about the outcroppings of primitive instincts and earlier experiences that continue to play havoc with your present day plans?

"Man, know thyself!" Down through the ages the challenge comes ringing! But, how little, oh! how infinitesimally little, we today, know of ourselves. We give long years of patient, plodding unceasing endeavor to our mastery of a single art or profession, but how much real searching, scientific thought do we give to an analysis of our own personality and character?

And yet it is our personality and our character that gives us our influence with other men and women; and our influence with other individuals, that makes our friends, acquaintances and enemies, and thereby fashions our environment, shapes our circumstances and makes our life!

Already our phrase—I can be what I will to be! begins to loom larger upon the horizon. “I am the master of my fate, the captain of my soul!” To the unthinking, this is but a poetic picture, a platitude, but to the observant intellect, it is a great far-reaching fundamental truism. I, and I alone, am the maker or breaker of my career, and it is one of the salient features of life that no condition, no conspiracy of fate or circumstance can deprive me of my inalienable right to master my fate and captain my soul, save as I abrogate that right wittingly or unawares.

But, the will must be developed and in order to be developed it must first be known. What is the will? What factors influence its operation? How may it be developed? It shall be the purpose of our further discussion to throw some much-needed light upon this somewhat obscure subject. Meantime, be not afraid to stretch just a little. Stretching is one of the best exercises whether indulged mentally, physically or spiritually. Stretch! Reach up mentally. Get a good grip on yourself and just impel yourself to a little higher level. You are a free agent after all. Nobody is holding you down but yourself. No matter what your present condition may be, you, more than any or all others, can do most to improve it.

We shall continue this talk later, but in the meantime I am going to give you a little exercise for daily practice, it is this: Select a quiet place where you may sit at ease—lie down if you prefer, but if you sit, do not lop nor lounge, but just sit restfully and relaxed. Let go with your entire body and at least for ten minutes every day give your mind up to pondering over how much you have willed yourself into what and who you are. Try and select the same place and, if possible, the same time each day, as familiar environment conduces to contentment and will serve to emphasize the fact that—We can be what we will to be!

Los Angeles, Calif.

Bits of Philosophy

He who is ashamed of the poor, is poorer than the poor.

The impure tongue is more deadly than the serpent's fangs.

Things of the greatest worth are worth the least in the world's markets.

It is by heart power, not horse power, that the world is lifted up to better things.

Common sense is the kind of sense you have when you are outwitted, and suddenly discover that you haven't all the sense there is.—NEPHI JENSEN.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"Go publish the gospel, the truth of the Savior,
That the poor and the meek may begin to find favor;
And rejoice in their coming Redeemer and Friend,
For lo! he is with you henceforth to the end."—*W. W. Phelps.*

New Auxiliaries Organized

The *Era* is a great source of much joy and valuable instruction to the missionaries and Saints in the Pittsburg, West Pennsylvania, conference. Pittsburg has been made the center, for some time, of "anti-Mormon" lecturers and propagandists. But, though their false representations have created much prejudice and some opposition, the great Latter-day work is continuing to grow here. We are pleased to report twenty-five baptisms for the past six months in this conference and the establishment of several new auxiliary organizations. Recently at Erie, Pa., an attack was made on the "Mormon" people, by a woman lecturer there. "Mormonism" was said to be a "terrible monster evil." We were very ably defended through the columns of the same paper by our missionaries laboring in Erie; also by John Q. Critchlow, formerly of Salt Lake City, who was visiting here.—*Elton L. Taylor*, Conference President, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.



Missionaries of the West Pennsylvania conference, standing, left to right: J. Elden Swenson, Pleasant Grove; J. Harold Whitaker, Hatton; R. Clyde Webb, Monroe; Hyrum D. Bischoff, Lovell, Wyoming; Theodore Dance, Blackfoot, Idaho; Elton L. Taylor, Provo. Sitting: Nadine Foutz, Ogden; Glenn L. Loveless, former conference president, Payson; B. H. Roberts, president Eastern States Mission; Elizabeth Skolfeld, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Gladys Peterson, formerly of LaGrande, Oregon; L. E. Peterson, Oasis, Utah. Front row: Ivy E. Stonely, Pawtucket, Rhode Island; Sarah E. Gaisford, Mammoth, Utah.

Attendance of Investigators Increased at Meetings

The elders of the Utrecht conference are enjoying their missionary experiences very much. Last June the Arnheim conference was discontinued, and the Utrecht conference organized in its place. This change has proved a big step in the advancement of the work in this part of Holland. On Novem-

ber 16 we held the first conference in Utrecht. It was a big success. Thirty-four missionaries were present including Mission President Charles S. Hyde and Sister Lenora S. Hyde. The meetings were well attended and all were well pleased with the way the truths of the gospel were presented to the people. Much credit is due the Saints of the branch for the success of the conference, which served greatly to break down the erroneous ideas which many of the people have of us. Through the effort of the missionaries and Saints, the number of strangers and investigators in our Sunday night meetings has increased more than one hundred percent. We are convinced that this will be a fruitful field in the future. We greatly appreciate the *Era*, and assure you that many of the beautiful things that we read in it are translated and taught to the Dutch people.—*Philip C. Call, Utrecht, Holland.*



Elders are, top row: LeRoy T. Ostler, Nephi, president of the Amersfoort branch; M. W. Sant, Long Beach, California, president of the Deventer branch; E. Landward, Salt Lake City, incoming president of the Arnhem branch; M. J. Austin, Rexburg, Idaho. Second row: J. DeBry, Salt Lake City, outgoing president of the Arnhem branch; Harold B. Taylor, Salt Lake City, president of the Utrecht branch; Earl C. Wade, Ogden; Albert R. Hoggan, Salt Lake City, conference secretary; C. L. West, Brigham City, president Apeldoorn branch. Third row: J. J. Draayer, Ogden; Kenneth P. Billings, Salt Lake City; Philip C. Call, Brigham City, conference president; William R. Wilchen, Salt Lake City.

Ninety-one Baptized in the "Ruhr District," Germany

In parts of our conference one has a hard time to make sure whether he is in Germany, France or Belgium. The map says, Germany, but from the looks of the many soldiers with blue or yellow uniforms who appear to have complete control of everything, one must admit that it is pretty much French and Belgian. The occupation has hindered us considerably in that we could not always obtain proper places to hold our meetings, and due to the ruling that, "no one must be on the street after 7 on pain of being shot at sight." Since the commencement of the year we have baptized ninety-one converts, and there are still many friends who are earnestly and prayerfully seeking a testimony of the restored gospel as taught by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In some of our branches we are forced to rely entirely upon our local brethren due to a decided shortage of elders. For example, our Buer branch which has grown in the last eighteen months from nine to forty-five members, is without a single missionary, and was recently reorganized with local brethren in charge throughout, but we expect good results from their efforts. I am heartily in favor of the plan announced by President Heber J. Grant last October, that brethren in Zion who are hindered from filling missions themselves, through business, etc., should support men who can go. A number of elders have been released from this conference because of lack of money, just at the time when they were a real asset to the mission. We are able to work only in twelve different cities, due to lack of elders. Many people have been humbled and prepared by our heavenly Father to accept the gospel. These people lay nothing in our way, and from the officers we receive every consideration and privilege granted to other denominations. The policemen who formerly arrested and banished the elders are now our best friends. They help us to make our programs interesting and to assemble money for the building up of our branches. On the evening of August 21, last, a wonderful band, composed of twenty-one captains, sergeants, inspectors, etc. of the Cologne police force, free of charge for their services, gave us a concert of eight masterpieces, and as a result, we collected over two hundred marks which is being used for the purchase of instruments for our branch musical department. We were fortunate enough sometime later to get fifteen of them together in order to make the enclosed picture. The largest of them who stands in the center on the front row is an inspector of police who, with his family, is a Latter-day Saint. The police president in Essen has extended permission for elders to remain in Germany. Since the conditions are so good for progress here, it is too bad to have a shortage of elders. In July, all the elders had the pleasure of going through the J. A. Henckel's cutlery works in Solingen, where the famous Twin brand of goods is produced. We followed the steel through every operation, until all was finished. The manager of that concern was in Salt Lake, in 1910, and he told us many good things about the people and city, and how well he was treated. He is reading the Book of Mormon now, having finished the Voice of Warning, and different tracts. On the 16th of August we were conducted through the noted "Krupp Works," in Essen, one of the largest steel works in Europe, where we saw the raw iron enter the massive open hearth of Bessemer furnaces and from there it was made into all sorts of things, from cutlery to locomotives. The steel is not allowed to cool before it is a finished product. The large hydraulic presses squeeze the great steel bars into the desired shape, apparently as easily as we mold gum between our fingers. The one which we saw in operation has a capacity of 4,000 tons. The gigantic hammers fairly shake the earth when they pound their jaws together, the large derricks and all, were wonders for us to see. During the war this entire factory produced nothing except war supplies, employing at that time 130,000 men and 40,000 women. To operate the plant normally, some 90,000 men are required, but due to

the high tax on all raw material entering the Ruhr, and again on the finished product as it leaves the occupied territory, production is so curtailed that there are now only 20,000 on the payrolls. The management showed us all courtesy possible, having two large autos at our service to take us from one part of the factory to another, and lastly giving us dinner, in their home for unmarried employees. The Lord has prepared this people to accept the gospel. We elders hold our monthly missionary meetings where ways and means for bettering conditions in the branches, and for better spreading the gospel are discussed.—*Clyde H. Wilcox, Cologne, Germany.*



Top: Cologne police force who gave us free concert.

Bottom: Elders standing left to right: Clyde H. Wilcox, conference president; Aaron C. Taylor; Stanley W. Robertshaw; G. Raymond Ross; Clarence Schmutz; William O. Milius; Bertie W. Winward; Arthur M. Olson; Rulon S. Howells, conference secretary; Elden H. Dye; William D. Schult; Eldred V. Robison; half standing left, R. H. Beckmann; sitting, Albert E. Feinauer; Leslie C. Haacke; Francis J. Pohlmann; Frederick W. Pieper; Clyde A. Lindquist; Rudger Solomon and Wilford W. Bartschi.—*Clyde H. Wilcox, Bremerstr. 24, Cologne, Germany.*

People Are Kind to the Elders—Twenty-five Baptized

The work of the Lord in New Mexico is progressing under David J. Noack, conference president, Gallup, N. M., and many are accepting our

message. In the past eight months, twenty-five have been baptized, and there are many investigating the gospel. The summer months have been spent in districts where our message is new. We have traveled much, like the apostles of old, relying on the kindness of the people. In a few instances our reception at the end of a toilsome day has been an old hut or the open fields, but most of the people have been very kind, thus making our journeys a pleasure in every respect. We have been successful in placing Books of Mormon in many homes, and have sold a number to ministers, which we think will result in some good. Opposition is dying out towards us, although we feel that it is the spice of our life, and a factor in the making of manhood. We appreciate the *Improvement Era* very much. It has been a source of encouragement to us, and we hope for its continued success.—*Clare Middlemiss*, mission stenographer.



Top: C. Freeman Ashbaker, Peter J. Jensen; Center: David J. Noack, conference president; John M. Knight, mission president; Ervin Lynn; Bottom: Harris C. Monson, Joseph McArthur, of the Western States mission.

The Church Recognized as a Church

Elder Lloyd M. Croxford, conference president of the Victorian conference, Australia, writes: "For the past two years the Church has been forging ahead in Melbourne. A new building has been erected and the Victorian government has recognized and accepted this Church upon its statute books as a religious denomination, thus granting us the same privileges

as other churches. The gospel is reaching new homes every day, making room for sunshine. New faces appear continually at our services and the barrier between us and the outside world is gradually breaking. The elders are happy in their work and are oftentimes over-zealous in presenting this gospel message to the people. We are seeing the fruits of our labors with fifteen baptisms in the last seven months, and have witnessed many manifestations of the spirit in the relief of suffering. Many calls are made by friends and investigators for the *Era* and the elders find the magazine extremely useful in their work. The elders feel that the greatest pleasure of their lives is in the service of the Lord."



Elders left to right, standing: Joseph W. Ward, Malad, Idaho; Byron S. Collett, Vernal, Utah; Alma C. Reynolds, Rexburg; Harold D. White, Rockland, Idaho. Sitting, Lloyd M. Croxford, Murray; Arlie V. Bean, Richfield, visiting elder; Don C. Rushton, former president Australian mission; Joseph B. Gunnell, Wellsville, outgoing conference president; Claudius Tolman, Honeyville, Utah, visitinig elders.

Forty-one Baptisms in South Indiana

Elder DeWitt J. Paul, Indianapolis, Indiana, reports that the year, 1924, was momentous in the South Indiana conference. During the past year, 41 baptisms were performed; 34 children were blessed; 524 cottage meetings, and 257 open air meetings were held; 4,502 Books of Mormon were loaned, and 594 sold; 101,698 tracts, 45,868 pamphlets, and 6,072 other books were distributed. Many are interested in our literature and we have distributed so much that some have expressed the fact that they cannot resist the temptation of reading it. One minister reports that he supplicated God to put him where he belonged, to direct him to the truth, and then he exclaimed, and here I am directed to "Mormonism." The missionaries held a cottage class in his home where this divine eagerly accepted the simple truths of the restored gospel as humbly presented by the authorized servants of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Although prejudice is fast waning in this section of the country, it is not a dead issue. Intolerance finds expression now and then, as in the case of the city of Princeton, where the officials, without the least provocation or justification, ordered two of our elders laboring there to leave the town. Such demonstrations of bigotry, however, are exceptional. The Indianapolis branch was favored with a visit from President Heber J. Grant, his first visit among the Indianapolis Saints, and the largest number of 'Mormons' ever gathered in these parts was brought together at a meeting. The visits spurred the Indianapolis branch on to greater activity. The membership here hopes

to take positive steps toward the erection of their first meetinghouse in the near future."



The missionaries in South Indiana are as follows, sitting, left to right: George Talley, Thatcher; Melba Merrill, Pima, Arizona, So. Illinois conference; Mark Fackrell, Shelley, Idaho, Chicago conference; Mabel Webb, Lehi; Alberta Wuthrick, Salt Lake City; Vada Newby, Monroe; Laura Tree, Syracuse; Joseph Jorgensen, Salt Lake City; Elva Nielsen, Hyrum, Utah; Alvin Rigby, Hibbard, Idaho. Top row: Dean Anderson, Pleasant Grove; John Lambert, Kamas; Stanley Johnson, Ephraim, Utah; J. Harold Matson, Rexburg, Idaho, president Chicago conference; Earl Englestead, Hurricane; DeWitt J. Paul, Salt Lake City, president Southern Indiana conference; Rasmus Albrechtsen, Emery; Rachael Grant Taylor, president Northern States Mission Relief Societies; John H. Taylor, mission president; George Collard, Fountain Green, Utah, mission secretary; David F. Hart, Rigby, Idaho, president Northern Indiana conference; Ernest Hanks, Salem; Andrew Somerville, Moab, Utah.

The Work in Wales

The Welsh semi-annual conference was held at Cardiff, South Wales, November 30, 1924. The occasion was made notable by the presence of President James E. Talmage, and the conference was characterized as being the most successful one held in recent years. President Talmage was the principal speaker, and a goodly crowd of the Saints and investigators were present at all three sessions. The Saints of the various branches lent much to the success of the conference by their offerings of music and otherwise. Present with President Talmage was Elder Kenneth F. Schade, from Liverpool, the general secretary of the British mission. Conference President Lewis F. Hansen conducted all meetings. Previous to the holding of the conference, and the presence in Cardiff of President Talmage, the press and pulpit were carrying on a most vicious attack on the "Mormon" elders. Large placards and sign boards in conspicuous places about the town were covered with malicious lies, and from the press and pulpit, an atrocious propaganda of silly, old, time-worn tales of girl-snatching, all hashed-over, was served up for the public. Indeed, it is so bad as to cause President McKay to say that the time has come when true Britons ought to resent these stories as a reflection upon the intelligence of the British nation. With the coming of the conference it was most interesting to watch the developments, and for the reaction our conference would make upon Cardiff. The morning following the conference, through the clouds which only a

few days before, had looked so black and formidable, burst forth a bright ray of hope. The newspapers had made a radical departure from their previous sensational writeups, and largely due to the splendid efforts of President Talmage, they contained very fair and favorable articles. Credit for bringing this about must be given to President Talmage. With an influence born of his scholarly achievements, and his recognition by, and his membership in, various Royal Societies, together with his sincerity of purpose, his humbleness, and kindly personality, President Talmage exerted a powerful influence upon the editors, besides winning the love and respect of all the elders, Saints, and many investigators. We have succeeded in placing the Book of Mormon, The Articles of Faith, and other standard Church works in several of the important editorial and public libraries in Cardiff, and all of South Wales. Gradually the wall of prejudice is being broken down, and the work of the Lord is progressing. There are four applications for baptisms, and prospects of others in the near future. It is hoped that new branches will be organized soon; and, the blessings of the Lord continuing, the future of the Welsh conference looks promising indeed! President Talmage and the elders send their love and greetings to their loved ones and friends at home, and in other fields, for a happy New Year.—*Lewis F. Hansen.*



Left to right, front row: Thomas O. Smith, Ogden; President Don Clyde, Heber City, visiting from the Bristol conference; President Lewis F. Hansen, Salt Lake City, of the Welsh conference; President James E. Talmage, Kenneth F. Schade, mission secretary, Ogden; Melvin W. Grant, American Fork; Evan Arthur, conference clerk, Salt Lake City. Back row: George C. Mann, Woods Cross; Jesse N. Decker, Snowflake, Arizona; Gordon B. Affleck, Charles L. Johnson, Salt Lake City; Sterling C. Rigby, Newton; Allen C. Reynolds, Manti, Utah.

Elders McKay and Talmage in London

On November 9, in the city of London, the elders, Saints and investigators were particularly favored to meet in semi-annual conference with President and Sister David O. McKay and President and Sister James E.

Talmage, the retiring and incoming presidents of the European mission. It is not an ordinary occasion on foreign soil to meet with two members of the Council of Twelve Apostles. During the meetings of the day the Spirit of the Lord was manifest in rich abundance, strengthening all present by the Divine outpouring.



Missionaries front row, left to right: A. Lewis Elggren, Emerson C. Willey, conference president, Emma R. McKay, retiring president of European Relief Societies; President David O. McKay, retiring from European mission; President James E. Talmage, of the European mission; Sister May B. Talmage, president of European Mission Relief Societies; Frederick Langton, John Walsh. Middle row: D. B. Stewart, conference clerk; Ralph C. Jones, Scott S. McCune, Gordon L. Weggland, Joseph M. Skeen, Ernest H. Capel, Walter H. Allington, Jr. Top row: O. David Merrill (formerly of London conference now presiding in Sheffield conference), Joseph F. Smith, Wallace P. Galbraith, W. Scott Day, Milford M. Mills, Roland V. Walker, J. Norman Dotson.

London is a wonderful city in which to proclaim the gospel message. Its cosmopolitan air gives us the opportunity to meet all races of humankind. The feature perhaps for which London is most famous is the wonderful opportunity to hold street meetings. It is the best means available we have to get our message before the people. When the proverbial London fogs permit, we hold ten street meetings a week in the city and in addition other similar meetings are held in different parts of the conference. We have many friends who come regularly to these meetings and are supporters of our cause. At the same time there are some who take a fiendish delight in attempting to disrupt our meetings. The London "Bobbies," however, are among our best friends and will in practically all cases remove by force, if necessary, any of their countrymen who attempt to encroach upon the right we have to hold orderly meetings. The work of the Lord is progressing in this conference in a steady, consistent manner. The British mission is fighting prejudice which has resulted from numerous campaigns waged by societies in an effort to villify before the public all things connected with "Mormonism." The elders and Saints of London are doing their utmost to remove these false conceptions from English minds, so that our position may be seen as it actually is. Since the effect of this

misrepresentation has influenced the minds of many, the apparent growth of the Church has not been as great as it would have been otherwise. Good seed is being sown, however, every day, and will eventually bring forth a bounteous harvest.—*Emerson C. Willey*, conference president.

Distinguished Visitors at Minneapolis

Elder Glenn W. Coffman, president of the Minnesota conference, St. Paul, Minnesota, reports that many people in that district are inquiring about the doctrines of the gospel, since the dedication of the new chapel in Minneapolis. "The city papers have been very kind in advertising us by inserting pictures of the new chapel, also in carrying weekly announcements of all our meetings. We have been greatly blessed in having had the privilege of hearing President Heber J. Grant at our last conference. It has left a lasting effect upon the people. We have two live, energetic branches here, one in each of the twin cities, and the elders are trying to give the people a clear conception of the gospel by living its teachings, and through their perfect organizations. The missionaries are working some outlying territory in order to extend their influence and get the message over to more people."



Missionaries and visitors, bottom row, left to right: R. A. Jones, outgoing conference president, Enoch; Mrs. Rachael G. Taylor, mission president of Relief Society; President John H. Taylor, mission president; Mrs. Augusta W. Grant, wife of President Grant; President Heber J. Grant; Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of Twelve; Sister Ruth May Fox, of the General Board Y. L. M. I. A.; Glenn W. Coffman, incoming conference president, Springville. Middle row: E. Roy Grant, Woods Cross; George E. Collard, mission secretary, Fountain Green; Ruth A. Green, Ogden; Gertie Noorlander, Ogden; Callie B. Arrington, Twin Falls, Idaho; Rigmour Eilersen, Salt Lake City; Matilda Tueller, Geneva, Idaho; John G. Carlson, local; C. H. Ludwig, Salt Lake City. Back row: A. P. Johnson, Grantsville; R. C. Anderson, Wisconsin conference, Manti; E. R. Egbert, Sandy; J. D. Bensen, Whitney; L. D. Johnston, Blackfoot, Idaho; S. M. Christensen, Moroni; J. E. Erickson, Richmond; C. W. Ahrens, Mendon; K. G. Carter, Park Valley, Utah.

Fifty-five Baptisms in West Colorado

Elder Orvil J. Nish, Montrose, Colorado, West Colorado conference, Western States Mission, reports that "During the year just ended 55 baptisms have been performed and many friends and investigators have been reached by the elders. Our greatest accomplishment has been in dispelling

prejudice in various places where the elders heretofore have found it difficult to obtain a hearing."



Missionaries West Colorado conference, left to right, back row: Noble D. Coon, Magna, Utah; Dennis M. White, Rockland, Idaho; John T. Child, Clinton; Casto F. Schultz, Ephraim, Utah; Royal A. Nielson, Union, Oregon. Sitting: N. Earl Marble, Deweyville; Florence R. Knight; John M. Knight, president of Western States mission; G. A. Baird, president of Grand Junction Relief Society; Orvil J. Nish, Plymouth, Utah, conference president.

Cornerstone Laid of New Chapel at Hobart

This illustration shows the elders and Saints assembled at the ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of a new chapel at Hobart, Tasmania, on November 29, 1924. At the left of the picture President Charles H.



Hyde of the Australian mission is seen, trowel in hand, officiating. In the *Hobart Mercury* for December 1, the exercises were described at length. For several years the Saints have held services in the Victoria Hall, and the Sunday school, Mutual and Relief Society meetings in Gladstone Street. The members have grown in numbers, and on the Saturday afternoon of the date mentioned, the corner stone of the new church which they are erecting in Lefroy Street was laid. The land purchased cost 300 pounds, and the church building with room for three or four elders is being erected at a cost of about 2,000 pounds, and will seat 170 persons. It is built of brick with a corrugated iron roof, and it is expected that the building will be ready by the end of January. Leonard Hocking, Melbourne, is the architect, and the erection of the building has been carried out under the direction of President Charles H. Hyde of the Australian Mission. The actual work will be done by donated labor. During the laying of the corner stone the congregation of about sixty people sang, "The gospel standard high is raised," and "How firm a foundation ye Saints of the Lord." Elder Hyde laid the corner stone under which was at first placed a tin box containing a record of the Church, some current coins, and a photograph.

One Hundred and Ninety Baptized

The following is a report of the progress in the Stettin Conference for the year 1924. In January, 1924, the Berlin conference was divided and the new territory in Pommern and Mecklenburg was organized into the Stettin conference. The progress of the elders in this new field of labor has been exceptional. During the year, an average of thirteen elders have been active with the result that one hundred and ninety have been baptized. The first Sunday conference was held on the 16th of November. In the main session five hundred Saints and friends turned out to hear the remarks of President Tadge and the visiting elders. Features of the conference were *Die Fulle des Evangeliums*, presented by the Sunday school, the Stettin choir of sixty voices, and the extra meetings held for the instruction of the officers in the fast growing auxiliary organizations. The inclosed picture was taken at our special missionary meeting held on Thanksgiving day, in Stettin.



Elders standing left to right: Wayne P. Smith, Lehi; Norman G. Berndt, Salt Lake City; Rudolph Erickson, Salt Lake City; Rulon J. Ballard, Salt Lake

City; Cecil V. Pollard, Emmett, Idaho; Truman R. Young, Salt Lake City; Welby W. Bigelow, Panguitch, Utah; R. John Peery, Porterville, California; Ernest A. White, Salt Lake City; seated left to right: Herman M. Allenbach, Salt Lake City; H. Taylor Peery, Porterville, California; Eric A. Pollard, Emmett, Idaho; President Fred Tadge, Salt Lake City; Milton B. Cannon, Conference President, Salt Lake City; and Arthur Glaus, Salt Lake City. Elder George D. Pendleton from Salt Lake City was not able to be present when the picture was taken. Sickness was the cause of his absence. Assuring you that we enjoy the *Era*. Sincerely your brother, *Milton B. Cannon*, Conf. Pres., Stettin.

Oh, Speak, Ye Spirits!

Thoughts suggested to the author, while searching for his genealogy in an ancient church, on one of the hills of Wales.

How dumb the records of this ancient church?
 Dumb as the dead whose names herein I search;
 With anxious heart I scan their time-stained pages,
 From name to name to those of bygone ages;
 But all in vain; my ancient kindred dead,
 Who lived when darkness o'er the earth was spread,
 And no bright ray of revelation's light,
 Pierced through the gloom of that long, cheerless night
 Of error and apostasy—have left
 The earth of all their history bereft.
 In deep despair, the quaint old church I leave,
 Still to the dead, my heart with love doth cleave,
 And slowly by Elijah's power led,
 From stone to stone among the graves I tread,
 Scanning with eager eye the old and quaint,
 With weather-worn inscription strange and faint;
 But not a name of distant kin I find;
 Alas, but gloom and doubt they've left behind.
 Oh, speak ye, therefore, spirits of the dead,
 While on this lonely, sacred ground I tread;
 Break the deep silence, scatter wide the gloom
 That now enshrouds your home beyond the tomb,
 Reveal your mystic past and present state,
 Your sojourn in yon spirit world relate;
 Speak, noble spirits, cheer my aching heart,
 Ere from this lonely graveyard I depart.
 God hath his promise fulfilled—behold
 Elijah in his glory, to unfold
 Eternal truth, hath come from heaven above.
 A messenger of mercy and of love.
 And hath the keys and power restored to Earth
 For your redemption through the second birth;
 The keys unlocked, the power open hurled
 The gates dividing from the spirit world
 Celestial realms, where joy and life and light
 Eternal reign, and saints fore'er delight.
 Freedom from long captivity and sin,
 Is now to you proclaimed and all therein;

Who have the depth of justice fully paid
 For mortal wrongs and mandates disobeyed.
 Dear kindred spirits, are ye not among
 The penitent, believing, hopeful throng
 That now with grateful hearts and joy await
 Emancipation at redemption's gate?
 Oh, how my heart with love for you doth burn.
 For children's hearts to those of father's turn.
 Since through Elijah is to earth restored
 The link that binds together in the Lord
 The living and the dead. Oh let me hear
 One hopeful whisper that my heart would cheer.
 You without us, can ne'er salvation gain,
 We without you, perfection ne'er attain;
 Thus now each other's burdens we must bear,
 Each other's joy and glory e'er to share.
 No voice I hear, no whisper from the dead;
 How long this silence; how profound and dread!
 But, ah: there's cheerful light behind this gloom,
 And happy souls beyond the silent tomb,
 Progressing in the paradise of God
 Forever upward, 'long the "iron rod."
 O God of love and truth, almighty Head,
 God of the living, for thou hast no dead;
 Thou dost with wisdom infinite control
 The destiny of every living soul;
 In humble reverence I must bow the knee
 Awaiting revelation's light from thee.
 The meek thou wilt redeem, exalt and bless,
 Eternal life and glory they'll possess
 Within thy kingdom, and forever dwell
 With Him who holds the keys of death and hell,
 And with the ancient seer, "Where is", they'll sing,
 "O grave, thy victory, and death, thy sting?"

St. Anthony, Idaho.

W. D. WILLIAMS.

Wings of Desire

For worldly experience
 I once sailed away
 On the magical wings
 Of Desire,
 Swoopnig and rising,
 In cloud-mist baptizing
 My senses in ecstasy.

Then on past grim Duty.
 I winged gaily along,
 Forgetful of land,
 Of Care,
 Restless and swaying
 Needs beckonings flaying,
 In reckless wanderings.

But fog and darkness
 Obscured my wild course,—
 I returned to the land
 Of Home,
 And found, upon questioning
 Time's harsh reckoning,
 A heavy toll of regret.

O wings of Desire,
 Your sheen is all dimmed
 By the journeyings
 Of Yesterday
 And home you must stay,
 For your feathers so gay
 Glow never so bright again.

A. HENDERSON

TOBACCO AND TOLERATION

BY LOUIS WARD

Before any substantial progress will be made in this or any other state against the growth of the tobacco habit, we must devote more time and attention to a number of questions that have heretofore been overlooked.

The average discourse or article intended to arouse the thinking man or woman to the seriousness of the tobacco habit is devoted to a collection of scientific facts showing how tobacco injures vital organs, how it is making a new problem for juvenile courts, or to its danger as a fire hazard.

One would think these three indictments would be sufficient to drive tobacco from any civilized land, but they are not; and one may safely say that if other arguments are not used against it, the tobacco habit will continue to grow in this country until it is indulged in as freely as in Spain and Mexico, and a few other places.

Why? Simply because the average man or woman has the idea that tobacco has as much right in our midst as food or drink, recreation, or whatnot. That, in other words, its use is a normal condition, and that when it destroys life or health, morals or property it is simply being used unwisely by some, but that to abolish it or restrict it in any way would be as unreasonable as to say citizens shall give up certain other things because a few do not know how to use them properly.

This will surprise many who are aware of the thousands of people, particularly in our own state, who detest the use of tobacco in their presence. But close observation will show that the people who dislike tobacco, and are actually nauseated by it, are as a rule unwilling to fight the habit because they have an idea they are merely unfortunate in being susceptible to tobacco smoke as many persons are to indigestion when they eat certain foods.

The tobacco smoker is continually complaining that the non-smoker is intolerant, that he wants to restrict his liberties. If the non-smoker were not more tolerant than the smoker, tobacco smoking would have been abolished before it had got a hold of the white man. Smoking tobacco is not a normal habit like eating, drinking, breathing, walking, singing, talking, laughing, crying, etc. It is simply a habit that was copied from the American Indians in comparatively recent times, as history goes, and one not at all peculiar to the human race. Its growth has been due to the narcotic qualities of the tobacco and to its commercialization. When a smoker, in a heated argument with a legislator, told the latter that if he did not like smoking in a public place he should move on, most people seemed

to think he had scored a point. If the public could only grasp the fact that it is the smoker who should move on, and not the non-smoker, the fight against this evil would be won. Persons who hate tobacco smoke in their presence and believe every indictment that has been brought against the tobacco habit simply cannot appreciate the fact that it is the smoker who is not normal and not themselves. The attitude of the smoker is something like this: "Well, if you don't like tobacco smoke, I wonder why you stay here. You can't expect to inconvenience others because you don't smoke. If I were you I would either acquire the habit myself or shut myself up somewhere, so that the smoke does not penetrate to my nostrils."

I say this is the attitude of the average smoker, when he thinks about the matter at all. He has never considered the possibility that he and he alone may be the abnormal person, the one who should either drop the habit or shut himself up where his fumes will not annoy others. He claims the right of way, and he indulges his habit everywhere; and, so long as the non-smokers agree with him, concerning this right of way, so long will he indulge his habit, regardless of whom it injures or annoys.

Perhaps, after all, the non-smoker is as much to blame as the smoker, for the reason that he has not tried to show him that his attitude is wrong. He tells him, of course, that tobacco hurts him and a few other things of this nature, but the smoker laughs and tells him not to worry about his welfare. I am inclined to think that if he also told him, and bluntly, too, that he was not normal in insisting upon indulging a dirty habit in public, as he is doing, he would stop and take notice. Why not show him that he has no more right to burn tobacco in public than a non-smoker would have to burn india rubber in a little bowl, or carry a bottle of ether about with him uncorked merely because it gave him pleasure.

Much more could be said along these lines, but there is one more phase of the subject I would like to touch upon before I ring off. We are often told that tobacco does not hurt very much from a moral standpoint, at least, because men of large affairs, kind, charitable men, are frequently found among the inveterate smokers. This sort of reasoning is about as sound as defending a criminal by saying, "Oh, he is not really bad, you know. When he is in jail he spends a lot of his time making things for poor kiddies. How can a man be a criminal who does that?" The truth is that a good man does not become a criminal by indulging in one bad habit any more than a criminal becomes a good member of society by indulging in one good habit. This ought to be obvious to every child of ten years of age, yet we find so-called statesmen using the silly argument about tobacco not hurting any one morally because good men are among its users.

PROPHECY AND HISTORY

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class M. I. A., 1924-25

PROPHECY—THE BOOK OF MORMON

Introductory Note: The attention of teachers and students is called to the following: The prophecies and promises of each lesson are limited to five and, therefore, represent only a few of what might be presented under the title of the lesson. In some instances those selected are less striking than others which might be selected, because the latter have been used in some previous lesson and when a prophecy is used in more than one lesson it is because of the importance of studying it from a new angle. It is expected that the teacher and the student will supplement the lessons with the consideration of other predictions than the five selected for one lesson.

Lesson XIX—Prophecies and Promises to Individuals

Special References for Class Study

1. I Nephi 2:19-22; 2. I Nephi 3:7; 3. II Nephi 26:13;
4. Alma 40; 5. Ether 4:19.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. What had Nephi done to merit the divine promise recorded in I Nephi 2:19-22?
2. Show that Nephi's declaration recorded in I Nephi 3:7 is a promise to every individual.
3. On what condition are we promised divine interposition or special help from the Lord? II Nephi 26:13.
4. Mention what three promises concerning the resurrection are recorded in Alma 40.
5. Quote and name the author of the promise recorded in Ether 4:19.

Lesson XX—Prophecies with Promise to Nations and Peoples

Special References for Class Study

1. Nephi 10:7, 8; 2. II Nephi 29:7, 8; 3. Mosiah 26:30;
4. Ether 1:43; 5. Ether 2:9-12.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Tell how the prediction in II Nephi 10:8 is being fulfilled today.
2. What two peoples are referred to in II Nephi 29:8 and how is the prediction being fulfilled?
3. Give some scriptural or historical evidence of the fulfilment of the promise recorded in Mosiah 26:30.
4. In the light of Ether 1:43, what was the relative greatness of the Jaredite nation at the time of its existence?
5. Using the divine declaration recorded in Ether 2:9-12, what are the conditions upon which national greatness may be perpetuated on this continent?
6. Discuss the proposition: To the extent that a people popularizes iniquity, and a nation legalizes evil, their cup of iniquity is becoming full.

Lesson XXI—Prophecies in the Book of Mormon Not Found in Any Other Scripture

Special References for Class Study

1. II Nephi 1:7; 2. III Nephi 16:10; 3. III Nephi 20:24-27;
4. Ether 4:6, 7; 5. Ether 4:11.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Accepting as true the declaration recorded in II Nephi 1:7, what is the price of liberty in this land of Promise?
2. Who is the author of III Nephi 16:10, and to what nation is the prophet declaring a most solemn warning?
3. Show from II Nephi 20:24-27 that Jesus was acquainted with what the people had been doing on this continent before he was born, and tell what he meant by calling them the children of the covenant.
4. What book contains the fulfilment of Ether 4:7?
5. What book contains "these things" spoken of in the promise recorded in Ether 4:11?

Prayer and Service

I dreamed,

And the dream was the dream of a youth
Exploring the future in quest of truth,
Reaching to grasp with one mighty span,
All the vastness of God's infinite plan.

I paused

On my voyage down life's restless stream
And slowly I awoke from youth's ardent dream,
I woke to learn that wisdom divine,
Gives "Precept on precept, line upon line."

I prayed,

And the pray'r was the pray'r of a man,
One meeting life's problems with thoughtful scan;
Each hour, each day, new problems to meet,
No time for worry, no place to retreat.

I mused

Till the faith-lamps within, burning low,
Flamed higher and brighter, a lambent glow,
Bearing a message fresh from the scroll
And blazing its truth on my hungry soul!

I served,

And the clouds from my skies rolled away,
Revealing, in splendor, God's flush of day!
He bade me be brave, hopeful and true,
Finding life's joys in the service I do!

Phoenix, Arizona.

M. A. STEWART.

Editors' Table

God's Will and Man's Will

If one threatening word, carrying the greatest danger to our civilization, were named, that word might be—pride!

Through pride, the once mighty Lightbearer in the heavens, among the sons of God, fell from his high estate, when he refused to submit to the majority, and decided to fight for his views and plans, after they had been rejected. Pride is still the besetting sin wherever his influence is uppermost among the children of men.

Proud man weighs the sun and the planets, and measures the distances between universes in infinite space. Proud man analyzes the atoms and counts the electrons circling in their infinitesimal orbits. He seemingly annihilates space and time, and in many ways commands the mighty forces of nature to do his bidding. Like the pharaoh of the oppression, he then sits back on his throne and defiantly asks: "Who is Jehovah, that I should obey his voice?" Or, with Nebuchadnezzar, exclaims, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built * * * by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?"

And then the fall is not far away. When human progress, human achievement and greatness, fail to give God the honor and glory, disaster is near. For, "In nothing doth man offend God, or against none is his wrath kindled, save those who confess not his hand in all things, and obey not his commandments." (Doc. and Cov. 59:21).

This pride is manifest nowhere more strikingly than in philosophical speculations whose object is to account for the creation of worlds and the existence of man, without a divine, personal agency; and, in the same way, for individual achievement or success, or for history, without the guiding hand of Providence. Pride lurketh at the bottom of this philosophy. For if there be no Creator, or if God is so far separated from mortal beings that he neither can, nor cares to, take any cognizance of their existence, their needs, their joys and sorrows, then man is supreme, without any obligations of obedience or worship. He is the sole master of his fate, the only captain of his soul.

Was that not the allurements of the tempter when he promised our first parents that by disobedience they should become wise and powerful as Elohim, and be able to exist forever, independent of the Lord? (Gen. 3:5). Man, his own creator, his own savior! His will supreme! In our urge to individual efficiency, progress and so-called success, we have gone to this extreme, and often count our wills

supreme; we can be what we will! This is true, if our will is guided and directed by God's will, which is the will expressed in the gospel of Jesus Christ; but if it is not, the doctrine is fundamentally false. By this philosophy, the human will, instead of the will of God and the will and doctrine of his Son Jesus Christ, is made our salvation and Savior. There is no passage either in ancient or modern scripture that supports this theory as against faith in Jesus Christ, or that places human will, instead of the will of the Son of God, as our Savior. "By the help of God," or "God being willing," were formerly fundamental sentiments, underlying the will of men; now the tendency is to place man's will as the basis of all action, a drift which is very certain to lead in an erroneous direction.

This philosophy of man's will being supreme is no longer confined to the schools and institutes of secular learning. It has found its way into some theological colleges and Protestant pulpits, and taken the place of the divine message of salvation to a fallen world, revealed through Jesus Christ. To be sure, this is not yet openly admitted, but it is a fact. The divinity of Jesus is openly denied, and this implies unquestionably the rejection of the divine plan of salvation, in its entirety.

The word of God tells us, that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," that sin is exceedingly sinful, that the sinner is under condemnation, and that there is no atonement, no justification, no redemption from the power of sin, except through Jesus Christ, by obedience to his conditions as offered in the gospel. Paul learned this by his own experience, for whether on Mars Hill, at Athens, among philosophers; or at Corinth, where "not many wise men," nor mighty men or noble, were called; whether among Jews or Gentiles, he "determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

Paul was, perhaps, the most intellectual, the most energetic, and, humanly speaking, at the same time the most successful of the early standard bearers of the gospel. But never did he attribute any of his gifts and graces to his own efforts. Hear him: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration [baptism] and renewing of the Holy Ghost." (Tit. 3:5, 6). Again: "By grace [the gospel] are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it [the gospel] is the gift of God: not [the result] of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. 2:8 and 9).

Paul was well acquainted with human nature, its excellencies and its shortcomings. He knew the condition of the human will, as well as the human desires and emotions. And he did not hesitate to confess: "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me; but how to per-

form that which is good I find not. For the good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." (Rom. 7:18.) That is exactly the condition of unregenerated human nature, a condition which only divine power can change. For although it is man's duty to work out his own salvation, and we emphasize that work strongly, "with fear and trembling," yet, "it is God which worketh in you both to *will* and to *do* of his good pleasure." (Phil. 3:12, 13).

Paul, as remarked, was an indefatigable worker, but he was always conscious of the secret of all success—that in the last instance it comes from God. His great paradox: "I take pleasure in infirmities * * * for when I am weak, then am I strong," (2 Cor. 12:10) is clear when read in connection with his own explanation: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." (Phil. 4:13). And this truly philosophical doctrine of Paul is the same as that which is expressed in one of the inspired Psalms: Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." (Ps. 127:1).

If we understand this great principle, which is one of the foundation stones of the divine plan of salvation, then we comprehend the meaning of the revelation which says that the wrath of God is kindled against those who do not acknowledge his hand in all things. Did not our Savior, himself, in the very beginning say: "Thine be the glory?" Then, also, we may comprehend the song of the redeemed: "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." (Rev. 1:5, 6).—A.

My Inspiration

Men in class smile, or pass the time of day,
 Friends sympathize or glory in my struggles or success,
 Brothers and sisters have interest in the things I do,
 My Father sends me money, and sets me fair example,
 But Mother radiates all through my life.

She used to press my tiny suit, kiss me as I left for school.
 She tucked the blankets tight about my shoulders;
 While I, unconscious, slumbered in my bed.
 When slight honor came to me, she beamed in lovely happiness,
 And when I erred, she wept.

Still, she lavishes me with her holy love unrelenting.
 She fain would give to me, to go without herself,
 In silent hours, though far away, in fondest words I hear her say:
 "Be clean, my boy, and work and win."

Cambridge, Mass.

ALVIN GLENN HUBBARD.

Priesthood Quorums

The Melchizedek Priesthood Study

Subject: Doctrines of the Church; Text: *A Study of the Articles of Faith*

LESSON 12: THE HOLY GHOST

Text: Chapter 8

Study well the scriptural proof of the personality of the Holy Ghost. Distinguish between the Holy Ghost as a personage and the agencies or means through which he operates. Emphasize important features of the ministry of the Holy Ghost to mankind. Consider well the ordinance of conferring the right of companionship of the Holy Ghost, which is associated with confirmation in the Church, following baptism. Appendix 8 is important in studying this subject.

LESSON 13: THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

Text: Chapter 9

Emphasize the purpose of the Sacrament as set forth in scripture. Consider the prescribed manner or mode of administering the Sacrament, the authority requisite to its administration; and memorize the revealed form for pronouncing the blessing upon the bread and the water at the sacramental table.

LESSON 14: AUTHORITY IN THE MINISTRY

Text: Chapter 10, pages 179-189

All topics set forth in the text assigned for this lesson can be well covered during the class period.

LESSON 15: FOREORDINATION AND PRE-EXISTENCE

Text: Chapter 10, pages 189-194

The class period is sufficient for a consideration of the entire text as assigned.

LESSON 16: THE CHURCH IN FORMER AND LATTER DAYS

Text: Chapter 11, pages 198-204

Stress the obvious fact that the Church of Jesus Christ must be the same in all essentials of organization today as it was in earlier dispensations. Note carefully scriptural and other proof of the universal apostasy following the ministry of the ancient apostles; and consider the fact of the restoration of the Church in these latter days.

LESSON 17: PLAN OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT

Text: Chapter 11, pages 204-214

Give attention to the specified authority and duties associated with each of the offices in both the Aaronic and the Melchizedek Priesthoods. Study well the benefit of quorum organizations.

Mutual Work

Liberty at the Forefront

After three years of hard work Liberty stake has attained the goal of perfection as outlined by the General Board.

Board members, under the direction of the Stake Superintendency, have put in many long hours working with the ward officers to reach this standard; and be with the top notchers in the Jubilee, celebrating the 50th anniversary of the organization of the Y. M. M. I. A..

We have used a chart similar to the one suggested at the June M. I. A. General conference, eight feet by five feet, at our union meetings: posted in the front so that each person in attendance could see from where he was sitting just what progress his ward was making. The ones who were lagging soon grew tired of their position: and as a result, we had in January eleven wards with 100% and one ward with 96%, out of twelve wards in our stake. This one ward did not have a registered Boy Scout Troop, and as a result did not have the attendance the other wards did.

We certainly appreciate our Boy Scouts and "M" Men, for without either it would have been impossible for the largest stake in the Church to attain 100% efficiency.—*Harold Brown*, Secretary of Liberty stake Y. M. I. A.

Three other stakes, South Davis, Utah; Taylor, Canada; and Fremont, Idaho, show 100 per cent for their January statistical and efficiency reports.

M. I. A. In The California Mission

The last of the fall conferences in the California mission was held Sunday, January 18, 1925. These semi-annual conferences have one session devoted the work for the M. I. A. These events are the main opportunities for personal contact between the thirty organizations in the mission and Superintendent Joseph G. Jeppson and President Elsie Hogan of the mission M. I. A.'s. The mission has not a board to visit in the branches, to encourage in the work, as the stakes have. The mission superintendent of Y. M. M. I. A.'s and president of Y. L. M. I. A.'s handle all of this work alone which means that the greater part is done by correspondence. Hence an opportunity for them to visit the local organization is very effective and looked forward to by all concerned. The M. I. A. session of conference is held on Saturday evening with all of the organizations in the conferences taking an active part on the program. Meetings are held for all officers and teachers for general mission instructions in these periods, and are held in the branches on the days between the conferences. One conference was held in October, three in November, three in December and two in January. The Los Angeles conference has no M. I. A.'s in the mission.

The mission officers in their visits usually give some demonstration of the M. I. A. possibilities, with the thought of encouraging similar work in the local organizations. In the Arizona conference the nine M. I. A.'s had a demonstration of a play given them. The party traveled for about three weeks on this part of the trip and were not able to take stage properties with them. Sometimes a stage was not available. This was a good opportunity

of showing that a play could be presented without expense, a stage, or scenery. Often an organization raises the objection that they have no talent. Here certain mission officers going on the trip had to play the parts required. This demonstration of entertaining without conveniences was just what was necessary. The play was staged in places from a one-room house to a city auditorium. The audiences ranged from fifty to eight hundred.

In the branches in California and Nevada, where nothing interfered, the Superintendent and President of the mission M. I. A.'s gave demonstrations of evenings of recreation, after their business meetings were over. All of these programs were well prepared and they were just as well received by the people. Sometimes as high as three hundred participated in the games and other activities on these evenings. The quality of the mission M. I. A.'s can be judged to some extent from the table of points of efficiency in the *Improvement Era*, although the mission does not have all of the items on which the points are figured they nevertheless have more points than many of the stakes of Zion. We are pleased to state that our organizations are working in harmony with the instructions from the General Board and are invaluable to the young people of the California mission.—Joseph G. Juppson, superintendent.

The 50,000 Membership for the June Jubilee

To officers of the Y. M. M. I. A.:

New members! You'd better go work 'em,
And don't you ever dare shirk 'em,
Because if you do,
It's woe unto you,
He'll be after you, Oscar A. Kirkham.

Keeping Up Attendance

Stake Superintendents Y. M. M. I. A. Dear Brethren:

Our experience in past years assures us that we have a decided falling off in attendance in our organization during the spring months, where the leadership does not keep extremely active in its work. Many reasons have been given for young men ceasing to attend, but we are delighted to know that in a number of places, where special efforts have been made, the associations have kept up their work and attendance during this time of year.

Will you please consider this matter at your March union meeting and make such plans as you think necessary to stimulate our work? The following suggestions have been made which may assist you:

Personal contact: Every superintendent and president should call his associate workers together and inspire them with the need of individually coming in contact with every available young man, and showing him the advantages of the Y. M. M. I. A., and create in him enthusiasm for our Jubilee celebration and the glory of our work, and induce him, for his happiness, to join our ranks, stay with our work, and obtain a testimony of its value and divinity.

Live officers. Proper leadership: Stimulate proper recreation. Prepare early for big rally at the end of season. Encourage regular attendance for participation in closing rally. Have chart showing attendance each week, stimulating an interest in keeping up record. Special lectures. Change of program. Introduce tournament for "M" Men. More general discussion in class work. Build up the spirit of Jubilee year. Have testimony bearing. Rotate special programs, one ward to another.

You may have some other suggestions to make which might be more effective in your stake than those mentioned above. We will greatly appreciate hearing from you as to what action has been taken by you and your co-workers to anticipate and prevent the spring slump. To anticipate and check this decline will be a real test in leadership.

Ever praying for the Lord to continue to bless you in the leadership of the young men in your stake, I remain,

Sincerely your brother,

Melvin J. Ballard, Assistant General Superintendent.

Morgan Interested in Contests

Superintendent George Brough of the Y. M. M. I. A. in Morgan stake reports having put on a few contests to create more interest and life and "pep" among the wards. These have been very successful in increasing the attendance. They have labored in a joint way with the young ladies and have found this to be a source of strength and inspiration to the young men in making the contests a success. The first contest was on the efficiency report; the second on the M. I. A. stake song, a number of which were contributed by each ward. The best one from each was selected, and on Sunday, January 25, the contest ended, each ward sending their best song with singers to the stake joint session meeting that night. "We enjoyed a splendid time. The Saints turned out in a goodly number and were mutually benefited and well paid for coming out. Porterville was the winning ward, Alice Carter being the author of the song and the honored lady of the evening."

Stake M. I. A. Song

We're from the stake of North Sevier
 We're mighty proud to say.
 We're always up and going some
 And singing on our way.
 With voices loud resounding now
 We'll join in this glad lay
 And sing a song to boost along
 Our good old M. I. A.

CHORUS:

M. I. A. we're with you heart and hand.
 M. I. A. the finest in the land.
 With M Men, Scouts and Bee-Hive girls
 And Gleaners bright and gay.
 We'll put our slogan over with
 A real live M. I. A.

We're doing things in North Sevier
 We plan from day to day.
 We work and watch and don't give up.
 We profit while we may.
 We've got a band of girls and boys
 Who're in the work to stay.
 They'll always give the credit to
 The good old M. I. A.

G. MAYNARD WRIGHT.

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, January, 1925

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Monthly State and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Bear River	10	5	9	10	10	10	10	8	9	9	90
Beaver	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	6	---	10	84
Benson	9	10	10	9	10	10	9	6	9	8	90
Box Elder	10	7	10	9	5	10	10	10	10	10	91
Cache	10	7	7	9	10	10	9	5	10	10	87
Carbon	10	5	9	4	6	10	3	5	6	10	68
Cottonwood	9	6	10	9	9	10	6	10	10	9	88
Deseret	10	8	8	3	3	10	10	10	9	8	79
Duchesne	8	10	10	2	5	10	2	6	8	9	70
Emery	10	10	9	10	10	10	4	4	8	9	84
Ensign	7	6	10	10	10	10	5	4	10	10	82
Grant	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	97
Gunnison	10	9	8	3	10	10	10	9	10	9	88
Hyrum	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	97
Jordan	10	10	10	5	8	9	7	6	10	8	83
Juab	10	9	10	6	8	10	10	9	9	8	89
Kanab	10	10	10	6	8	10	10	10	10	10	94
Liberty	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Logan	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	8	10	10	96
Millard	1	10	8	9	7	10	10	10	5	8	78
Morgan	10	10	9	10	6	10	10	10	10	8	93
Mount Ogden	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	98
Nebo	10	6	4	3	6	8	4	2	9	8	60
North Davis	9	5	8	10	8	10	9	10	10	8	87
North Sanpete	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	8	9	9	94
North Sevier	10	10	10	4	5	10	5	3	9	4	70
North Weber	9	9	8	7	5	8	7	10	10	8	81
Ogden	7	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	94
Oquirrh	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	95
Panguitch	10	9	7	4	3	8	3	4	2	7	55
Parowan	9	6	5	8	6	10	9	9	3	4	69
Pioneer	8	6	10	10	9	10	7	7	10	10	87
St. George	10	9	8	3	5	10	5	8	---	7	65
Salt Lake	8	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	94
San Juan	10	8	10	5	8	10	10	7	10	10	88
Sevier	10	5	10	5	10	10	9	10	10	10	89
South Davis	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
South Sanpete	10	8	10	9	10	10	10	6	10	10	93
South Sevier	10	9	9	5	7	8	5	8	8	8	77
Tintic	10	6	10	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	92
Tooele	7	4	8	8	7	10	8	8	7	10	77
Uintah	7	8	7	4	9	9	8	4	7	5	68
Utah	9	9	10	10	10	10	8	8	10	8	92
Wasatch	10	10	8	4	9	10	10	8	10	10	89
Weber	8	5	10	7	7	9	8	8	10	9	81
Bear Lake	10	8	9	7	3	10	8	6	9	10	80
Bingham	10	8	10	9	9	9	9	10	9	9	92
Blackfoot	7	6	4	3	4	9	6	4	8	7	58
Blaine	10	6	7	---	3	7	5	3	10	6	57
Boise	9	8	10	6	6	10	10	10	10	7	86
Burley	10	7	9	6	8	10	10	9	9	9	87
Cassia	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	96
Curlew	8	5	3	2	---	3	3	2	3	3	32

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Slogan	"Ers"	Fund	Monthly State and Ward Officers' Mts.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Franklin	10	6	10	10	5	10	10	9	10	10	90
Fremont	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Idaho	10	10	8	10	8	8	8	10	10	6	88
Lost River	10	8	10	5	7	10	4	6	---	6	66
Malad	10	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	98
Minidoka	10	9	10	7	8	10	8	10	8	8	88
Montpelier	10	9	10	3	5	10	10	9	10	10	86
Oneida	10	6	9	9	8	10	9	8	10	9	88
Pocatello	10	10	10	6	10	10	9	10	10	9	94
Portneuf	9	10	3	2	1	8	5	8	3	3	52
Raft River	10	6	3	---	2	8	7	7	1	6	50
Rigby	10	8	8	7	6	10	9	8	9	5	80
Shelley	10	10	9	7	8	9	9	8	9	9	88
Teton	5	7	4	3	2	10	8	7	6	5	57
Twin Falls	10	10	8	4	4	10	7	9	7	7	76
Yellowstone	10	9	9	5	6	8	8	7	8	7	77
Alberta	10	8	9	10	9	9	9	9	8	9	90
Big Horn	4	2	3	2	3	3	2	3	3	2	27
Juarez	8	6	10	3	3	10	6	6	10	10	74
Lethbridge	10	8	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	96
Los Angeles	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	99
Maricopa	10	10	10	8	9	10	9	10	10	10	96
Moapa	10	6	6	7	3	8	10	10	8	10	78
St. Johns	8	10	9	3	---	8	8	6	2	5	59
St. Joseph	10	5	10	10	---	10	7	8	8	7	75
Snowflake	10	8	7	10	2	10	6	10	5	9	77
Star Valley	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	9	97
Taylor	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Woodruff	9	8	9	8	10	10	8	9	5	7	83
Calif. Mission	10	10	8	2	3	9	8	6	2	8	66
N. W. States	10	10	7	1	---	10	8	6	---	5	57

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, January, 1925

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Bear River	476	12	11	91	184	161	10	137	583	64	83	---	3	91	241
Beaver	289	5	5	43	79	60	35	80	297	36	60	43	20	69	228
Benson	752	13	13	124	121	211	84	175	715	87	69	129	52	141	478
Box Elder	785	13	13	114	273	174	33	288	882	86	124	91	23	167	491
Cache	520	8	8	90	52	160	---	235	537	63	40	80	---	150	333
Carbon	360	10	7	68	113	71	19	121	392	35	41	36	14	74	200
Cottonwood	681	10	10	108	86	224	---	220	638	89	38	129	---	152	408
Deseret	435	12	12	97	208	141	56	177	679	59	85	60	34	95	333
Duchesne	300	10	8	54	70	34	11	61	230	49	56	32	8	55	200
Emery	525	10	10	81	59	169	---	229	538	58	33	113	---	165	369
Ensign	915	8	7	62	144	241	41	189	677	46	62	125	26	136	395
Grant	1158	12	7	83	57	171	82	223	616	66	29	94	42	139	370

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Gunnison	288	6	6	49	60	106	47	76	338	41	23	60	28	52	204
Hyrum	500	10	10	77	145	155	---	172	549	59	84	89	---	86	318
Jordan	793	16	12	93	133	222	---	311	759	84	65	146	---	213	508
Juab	343	5	5	43	105	110	---	130	388	34	55	67	---	72	228
Kanab	210	6	6	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
Liberty	1325	12	12	126	284	388	118	399	1315	107	185	231	87	282	892
Logan	608	11	11	118	103	195	---	239	655	97	73	138	---	158	466
Millard	570	9	8	6	13	7	---	16	42	5	6	6	---	9	28
Morgan	198	8	8	58	114	49	11	88	320	44	76	124	8	61	313
Mount Ogden	629	8	8	71	100	171	33	200	575	65	51	87	17	106	326
Nebo	427	9	8	52	110	138	21	140	461	51	56	70	18	89	284
North Davis	457	7	7	68	79	129	6	126	408	40	25	61	---	82	208
North Sanpete	741	10	10	81	124	202	68	258	733	66	52	135	108	149	510
North Sevier	266	6	6	43	84	71	23	49	270	32	51	50	15	33	181
North Weber	713	17	14	107	90	200	---	223	620	83	35	129	---	130	377
Ogden	805	10	10	93	128	211	29	135	596	77	58	115	18	131	399
Oquirrh	420	5	5	53	64	95	52	155	419	42	17	44	32	71	206
Panguitch	271	6	5	49	69	112	31	80	341	33	38	55	30	51	207
Parowan	463	8	8	60	141	86	38	76	401	36	79	51	28	51	245
Pioneer	777	10	10	98	72	217	49	247	683	76	32	133	32	155	428
St. George	660	15	15	128	211	251	105	153	848	87	125	157	59	104	532
Salt Lake	1063	12	12	137	139	180	147	337	940	116	52	97	89	211	565
San Juan	173	4	4	32	62	57	60	164	375	20	34	39	11	58	162
Sevier	353	6	6	52	76	97	12	237	474	34	42	53	10	101	240
South Davis	520	8	8	77	108	137	---	233	555	67	64	81	---	163	375
South Sanpete	445	7	7	58	88	166	29	158	499	40	24	89	17	89	259
South Sevier	285	8	8	58	81	56	53	49	297	49	35	35	33	30	182
Tintic	254	5	5	41	96	42	---	118	297	28	38	25	---	76	167
Tooele	360	9	5	33	90	38	52	56	269	32	40	15	11	18	116
Uintah	407	9	8	69	79	76	---	124	348	54	61	59	---	98	272
Utah	1100	15	15	135	166	286	---	448	1035	111	75	178	---	307	671
Wasatch	377	9	9	63	106	145	---	126	440	50	68	107	---	81	306
Weber	649	8	8	84	97	146	---	232	559	53	45	67	---	119	284
Bear Lake	363	11	11	77	99	114	---	136	426	52	61	68	---	86	267
Bingham	530	11	11	99	200	123	97	104	623	69	97	63	54	62	345
Blackfoot	514	12	10	72	112	64	29	106	382	52	55	35	18	59	219
Blaine	140	4	3	22	44	42	---	49	157	16	27	31	---	35	109
Boise	358	8	7	60	88	62	39	71	320	55	63	50	31	57	256
Burley	315	9	9	70	130	85	9	124	418	57	61	49	1	67	225
Cassia	169	5	5	45	77	29	42	53	246	31	41	15	24	31	142
Curlew	124	6	2	17	30	28	---	23	98	15	14	14	---	12	55
Franklin	420	11	11	95	141	154	11	176	577	76	78	65	10	95	324
Fremont	687	13	13	128	215	225	127	142	837	102	122	168	69	110	571
Idaho	206	7	7	53	82	29	---	42	206	42	54	19	---	29	144
Lost River	120	4	4	26	40	46	---	42	154	21	22	26	---	22	91
Malad	337	8	8	70	81	111	---	130	392	57	51	75	---	94	277
Minidoka	223	8	8	64	101	68	19	61	313	43	60	43	7	34	187
Montpelier	345	12	11	84	121	82	19	124	430	55	52	44	8	81	240
Oneida	356	11	10	71	129	78	24	126	428	54	67	54	9	77	261
Pocatello	473	10	10	109	110	150	15	162	546	83	62	87	10	120	362
Portneuf	318	11	9	67	69	55	29	58	278	55	48	30	16	43	192
Raft River	160	8	6	42	65	41	---	50	198	29	30	22	---	32	113
Rigby	538	13	13	120	150	115	14	148	547	84	74	52	10	92	312
Shelley	323	9	8	71	114	90	50	62	387	53	60	69	30	45	257
Teton	300	8	3	31	59	26	---	36	152	25	10	10	---	26	71

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Twin Falls	194	7	6	36	74	63		37	210	34	46	50		35	165
Yellowstone	270	10	8	48	99	80	9	80	316	36	62	44	3	49	194
Alberta	345	11	11	92	140	154	34	166	586	68	79	89	26	115	377
Big Horn	340	7	2	13	28	45	15	27	128	2	7	10	5	6	30
Juarez	124	5	3	15	27	28	20	14	104	13	13	15	10	8	59
Lethbridge	245	9	8	64	75	67	27	52	285	50	50	25	23	38	186
Los Angeles	400	16	16	120	162	254		191	727	99	150	212		165	626
Maricopa	363	8	8	63	170	96	41	121	491	54	96	60	29	83	322
Moapa	202	8	6	56	86	84		76	302	45	42	48		50	185
St. Johns	238	6	3	22	27	51	16	47	163	19	20	38	11	40	128
St. Joseph	496	16	12	94	114	145		169	522	57	58	65		104	284
Snowflake	280	10	8	41	102	28	22	102	295	31	58	14	10	58	171
Star Valley	366	11	10	107	70	86	40	90	393	90	58	72	29	82	331
Taylor	319	6	6	66	86	89	53	118	412	49	57	51	29	75	261
Woodruff	435	8	8	70	132	99		99	400	52	75	33		67	227
Calif. Mission	707	30	20	186	289	239		189	903	157	172	181		144	654
N. W. States		16	16	85	138	39	22	37	321	82	70	34	21	25	232

Only twelve stakes are unreported for Jan., 1925. They are: Alpine, Garfield, Granite, Roosevelt, Summit, Wayne, Bannock, San Luis, Union, Young, and the new stakes, Kolob and Palmyra.

Program Diversion for April and May

"M" Men decide what contribution they can make to either the Local or General Jubilee Celebration, and assign members for the work. Notify the president.

Juniors and scouts decide on a competition in a best 50-word description of the most beautiful place to take a one- or three-day hike.

Juniors prepare a twenty-word sentiment for Mothers' Day.

Secretary of the stake devise a plan to have every ward secretary prepared to join the Y. M. M. I. A. officers in their work to obtain a complete 100% efficiency report so that the stake may win a Jubilee certificate.

The finance committee of each ward get one new subscriber for the *Improvement Era* each month.

1. Everybody prepare a two-minute testimony showing how the Y. M. M. I. A. has been a help to you, and have five or six testimonies given at each meeting.

2. All prepare to take part and boost M. I. A. Day.

3. All do some individual extra service—something distinct—for your association each week.

4. All help in obtaining one new member, each week, and so boost the work for 50,000 membership by June 1.

Passing Events

The tomb of Tutankhamen was reopened, Jan. 26, 1925, by Mr. Howard Carter, who found everything as he left it when the tomb was closed last year.

Presiding Bishop Charles W. Nibley was 76 years old on Feb. 5. The day was observed with a family reunion at his home, 75 North, West Temple St., Salt Lake City.

"Flu" was reported, Jan. 23, to have killed 727 persons in Tokio. The epidemic began on Jan. 3. The cause is thought to be the continued drought and high winds scattering the dust from the area burned after the earthquake in September, 1923.

Howard Carter will resume work in the tomb of Tutankhamen, according to agreement between him and the Egyptian government. Carter relinquishes all property right in the antiquities that may be discovered, but the government will pay him for his work.

Pres. Charles W. Penrose passed the 93rd mile stone on his remarkable earthly career, Feb. 4. The day was observed quietly, owing to indisposition of the beloved Church leader. There was no formal program, but many friends called and congratulated him.

Leadership week at the B. Y. University, Provo, opened on Monday, Jan. 26, with representatives of forty-three stakes present. The entire week's course had for its theme "The Home," and it was exhaustively treated on by competent, earnest speakers, and class leaders.

The new German chancellor, Hans Luther, was inaugurated, Jan. 19. He took the occasion to declare that the new government would uphold the republican constitution of Weimar and loyally fulfil the provisions of the London agreement with regard to the Dawes plan and all it implies.

Leon Trotzky was deposed, Jan. 19, from his position as head of the war council and threatened with expulsion from the party, unless he conforms to party discipline and renounces his attacks on the principles enunciated by the late Lenine. It is asserted that he submitted and apologized.

The electoral vote was announced Feb. 11, 1925, by the president pro term of the U. S. senate, Cummins, as follows: Total vote for president 531; for Coolidge, 382; John W. Davis, 136; La Follette, 13. For vice-president, the figures for Dawes, C. W. Bryan and Wheeler were the same as for President.

Amassa Lyman Meacham, of Provo, died, Jan. 17, of ailments incident to old age. He was born at Nauvoo, Ill., March 29, 1842, and came to Utah in the early part of his life, locating at Provo. For seventeen years he was a counselor in the bishopric of Timpanogos ward. His widow, five sons and four daughters survive him.

A copy of the Paris reparations agreement is asked for by the U. S. senate, together with information necessary to a full understanding of its terms. Senators Borah and Johnson are the movers in this matter. Secretary Hughes has declared that there is nothing in the Paris agreement at

variance with the traditional policy of the United States. The resolution asking for information was passed by the senate Jan. 21, 1925.

The Child Labor Amendment was rejected by the Utah legislature, Feb. 2, with overwhelming majority. In the house the four women and four other representatives, including the speaker, opposed rejection. The senate was unanimous, but senator Westphal, who was of the opinion that the question should be submitted to the people, was excused from voting. Personally, he said, he was not in favor of the amendment.

The Rt. Rev. Wm. Montgomery Brown was deprived of his priesthood, for heresy, by the board of review affirming the action of the trial court, some time ago. Mr. Brown is a retired bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Arkansas, and the charge against him is heresy. He rejects the supernatural features of religion and claims, contrary to the doctrines of the Episcopal church, that the Bible must be understood "symbolically."

Poland ratifies the debt funding agreement with the United States, which provides for the payment of \$178,000,000, due to the United States for food credits given Poland in 1919 and 1920. The Polish diet took occasion to express the gratitude of the country to the United States, in a spontaneous demonstration, which was witnessed by Albert J. Pearson, U. S. minister to Poland, who was present in the diplomatic gallery.

Dr. Murray Rockwell Stewart passed away, Feb. 5, 1925, at his residence in Salt Lake City, after an illness of two weeks, caused by kidney and heart trouble. He was a city commissioner at the time of his death. He was born at Spencer, Indianola Co., Ind., Sept. 8, 1868, and came to Salt Lake City in 1898. His wife was Nellie Walker, of this City. He held the office of city physician under the so-called "American party" administration.

Robert Newton Dunn, chief justice of the supreme court of Idaho died Jan. 17, following a prolonged illness. He was in his sixty-eighth year, and had just completed his fourth year as a member of the state's highest judicial tribunal. Justice Dunn was born March 10, 1857, in Warsaw, Mo., and came to Idaho in 1891. His first home was in Wallace, where he served as postmaster, aided his brother, A. J. Dunn, in the establishment of a newspaper, practiced law and served two terms as prosecuting attorney.

General Kuropatkin died at Shemshurino, Pskov district, Russia, Jan. 23, 1925, at the age of 80 years. He was supreme commander of the czar's land forces in the Russo-Japanese war, but he was held responsible for Russia's loss of the war when he met disastrous defeat in the crucial battle of Mukden in 1905. In 1917, when Kerensky's provisional government replaced the monarchy, he was arrested and sent to Petrograd, and virtually nothing was heard of him until 1920, when he appeared in the role of a soviet administrator.

Human voice was carried nine thousand miles, by radio, on Jan. 27, when a message sent at Pittsburg was heard at Sydney, Australia, and at Bazaul, British New Guinea. The messages put on the air for the Australians were from Frank B. Noyes, president of the Associated Press; J. A. M. Elder, Australian commissioner to the United States, Herbert Bayard Swope, executive editor of the *New York World*; Arthur Brisbane, editorial writer of the *New York American*, and Frank Munsey, publisher of the *New York Evening Telegram-Mail* and the *New York Sun*.

A new *L. D. S. Psalmody* is about to be published, according to an

announcement by Elder Melvin J. Ballard, chairman of the Music Committee. The committee has been working for more than a year and a half preparing the new edition of the psalmody. A careful examination of both words and music in the hymn book and the psalmody has been made resulting in the elimination of some of the words and music that did not appeal to singers of Church songs. The work of the committee has been reviewed and passed upon by Elders Orson F. Whitney, Joseph Fielding Smith and John A. Widtsoe, a committee appointed for that purpose by President Heber J. Grant.

There will be no impeachment proceedings against Judge Thomas H. Burton of the Utah Fifth district court, the judiciary committee of the house having reported, on Feb. 12, that there was no sufficient evidence for the complaint made some time ago by Attorney William B. Higgins. At the outset the committee had to outline a course of action inasmuch as no impeachment has ever before been brought before a Utah legislature session. Eventually it came to the conclusion its acts would be those of a grand jury and its investigation was accordingly limited to determining whether the charges and the evidence behind them were sufficient to warrant impeachment proceedings.

Ruth Shaw Croft Coombs died Sunday, Jan. 11, at her home in Richfield. She was born at Derbyshire, England, Dec. 21, 1851; emigrated, at twelve years of age, landing in New York, passing through Canada, owing to the Civil War, and across the plains by ox team, walking the entire distance from Omaha to Salt Lake City. She married Ephraim Coombs, Dec. 19, 1870, and with him moved to Colorado in 1884, settling in Richfield, Conejos Co., Colorado, living there until she died. They had ten children, five boys and five girls. Eight children survive her and forty-six grandchildren, and thirteen great-grandchildren. She was a highly respected character, much loved by many friends and relatives scattered throughout Utah, Arizona and Colorado.

A total eclipse of the sun was observed Jan. 24, in the north-eastern section of the country. Observations at New Haven, Ithaca, Poughkeepsie, and Buffalo reported successful observations. In New York, too, conditions were reported favorable. Ascensions were made to great heights in air-planes by astronomers, who took photographs. Aviators on board the dirigible Los Angeles reported successful observations. In some places along the path of the moon's shadow, clouds and overcast skies interfered with the observations and caused disappointment. Much of Minnesota missed the phenomenon altogether. The total eclipse occurred at 9:10 a. m. At 10.20 the disc of the great luminary was again clear. The entire passage of the moon had lasted 2 hours 20 minutes. It is said to be 119 years since a total eclipse of the sun was visible in that region. It will be over two centuries before the next.

A conference on limitation of armaments will be held in Washington, if President Coolidge acts on a provision of the Naval bill before the U. S. senate. On Jan. 21 the senate, without opposition, accepted an amendment to the bill, offered by Senator Wm. H. King, authorizing and requesting the President to call an international conference on armaments, to formulate an agreement by which armaments shall be reduced, and limited "in the interest of the peace of nations and the relief of all nations from the burdens of inordinate and unnecessary expenditures for the provision of armaments and the preparation for war."

Rey L. Pratt, president of the Mexican mission, was chosen a member of the First Council of Seventy, at a meeting of the First Presidency and Council of the Twelve, on January 29, 1925, to fill the vacancy caused

by the death of President Seymour B. Young. Elder Pratt was born in Salt Lake City, October 11, 1878, a son of Heleman and Emmeline Billingsly Pratt. While yet young, he moved with his parents to Mexico and imbibed a love for the people of that country. Afterwards they resided in Manassa, Colorado, and from that place was called October 24, 1906, to labor as a missionary in Mexico. He became president of the Mexican mission on the 29th of September, 1907, and has been in the field ever since.

Norway sets a splendid example in the matter of international law observation, according to a dispatch from Oslo, Jan. 17. The dispatch says: "The Norwegian Government is considering legislation to prevent the participation of Norwegian vessels in the rum-running trade to the United States, which is characterized here as a discredit to the flag. The foreign office through its legation in Washington has obtained the names of 10 Norwegian vessels identified as among those on rum row, and the list has been sent to the Shipowners' Associations and Ministry of Justice for further action. The Shipowners' Association already had cautioned masters against rum running, warning that it would refuse assistance to vessels running foul of the American laws, and the Government has also issued a warning that vessels caught in American waters would not receive the support of this country's official representatives."

New stake presidency was appointed in the Yellowstone stake, at the quarterly conference Jan. 10 and 11. Elder George F. Richards, of the Council of the Twelve, was present. President Daniel G. Miller, with his first counselor, Marion J. Kerr, who have served in the presidency since the stake was reorganized, Jan. 10, 1909, and his second counselor, Charles E. Lloyd who has served eleven years, was honorably released and John M. White, bishop of the St. Anthony Second ward, was chosen president of the stake, with George H. Lowe as first counselor and Karl C. Klinger, (who served as first counselor in the Second ward bishopric) as second counselor. Severin Swenson, second counselor to Bishop White, was appointed bishop of the Second ward, with Fred H. Mason, first counselor and Orin M. Hess as second counselor. Bishop Willard W. Spiers, bishop of St. Anthony First ward, was also honorably released and E. Moroni Jorgensen, who served as first counselor to Bishop Spiers was chosen bishop, with Joseph Jensen, first counselor and James C. Rose, second counselor.

Hexyl-resorcinol is the name of an antiseptic said to be fifty times as powerful as carbolic acid to destroy disease germs, and yet harmless to human beings. Ten years have been devoted to perfecting the antiseptic, according to Dr. Veador Leonard, chairman of the clinical committee on antiseptics of the national research council, who discovered the germicide and developed it in the Johns Hopkins laboratories. The researches, he explained, were started by using resorcinol, a substance similar to carbolic acid in molecular structure and also poisonous as a base. It was found that when certain chain-like groups of atoms known as fatty acids were linked up to a resorcinol molecule, the germicidal power of the substance was increased and its poisonous effect on animals was lessened. These effects increased steadily as longer chains of atoms were used. The goal was finally reached when a chain containing six groups was successfully linked up. At this point the poisonous qualities of the antiseptic reached a minimum while its germicidal powers reached their maximum.

Granite Stake Pageant Theme. A most elaborate pageant was given in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Wednesday evening, Jan. 28, when the Granite, Cottonwood, and Grant stakes, combined to celebrate the 25th anniversary

of the founding of the original Granite stake, to which Cottonwood and Grant first belonged, Jan. 28, 1900. The great building was crowded to full capacity, not an extra place being available. There were one thousand persons who took part in the exercises. The history of the stake for a quarter of a century was depicted, each division and subdivision portrayed, as well as the activities of the various Priesthood and auxiliary organizations. The exercises were under the general direction of the recreation committee, headed by M. O. Ashton, of the Granite stake; and the pageant was written by Mrs. Josephine M. Goff of the Sugar ward, and Mrs. Erma F. Bitner of the Wasatch ward. The music was in charge of J. Spencer Cornwall. Arthur Macfarlane and W. F. Robinson, Edward P. Kimball organist; Harold Goff, reader; Arnold J. Bergener, director of the M. I. A. orchestra, and M. I. A. boys' Senior band. President Frank Y. Taylor who was the first president of the Granite stake, and is at present acting, was presented with a silver vase and flowers by 25 flower girls; also a history of Granite stake in separate chapters, each being expressions of appreciation for service rendered from each ward of the organization in the three stakes. President Frank Y. Taylor made a response declaring gratitude to all who had assisted in the upbuilding of the stake. President Heber J. Grant was present and paid a tribute to the activity of President Frank Y. Taylor and his associates and expressed delight at the progress of the stake. He closed by reading Parley P. Pratt's hymn, "The morning breaks the shadows flee." The exit march was played by the boys' Senior band, directed by Arnold J. Bergener.

Life's Interludes

O smoke-clouded sky, and snow-covered earth,
 What have I to do with thee?
 I sit by my fire and dream, and plan,
 Quite apart from thee and me:
 Sweet stanzas with music to wing them aloft,
 Ripe books, with pages of flame—
 Full hours of deeds in the market-place
 That flare and blaze with my name.

Up from the snow a frost creeps in
 And blurs all my window-pane;
 Floating downward the smoke blots out
 The plans for my worldly gain.
 A child cries out for a guiding hand—
 A widow is sore beset.
 Forgotten duties come to my mind,
 And fill me with keen regret.

Clear on the page of ancestry gleams
 Name-symbols that glow with Life.
 The mist lifts clear from the temple spires
 And the Future with glory is rife.
 So, mist, do well your blinding work.
 White snow still blankets the earth.
 For I and the souls I may help to save
 Shall someday measure your worth.

SUSA YOUNG GATES

A. J. Cordery of Kohala, Hawaii, sends greetings from that district, and says of the *Era*: "Accept our heart-felt appreciation for the *Improvement Era*. It has aided me greatly in my labors as a missionary in the beautiful land of Hawaii. Its well edited pages are indeed a message from Zion to all the world. We wish it continued success."

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1925

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In order to accommodate additional students who desire to study nature courses in America's most attractive Alpine school, housing facilities at the school will be improved and practically doubled.

A Pleasant Summer

School work will be interspersed with pleasure trips, including hiking, boating, motoring, and swimming. Two annual features of the summer session are the Timpanogos hike and the Southern Utah Caravan.

The Summer School that Schools

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Summer Session

OPENS JUNE 8

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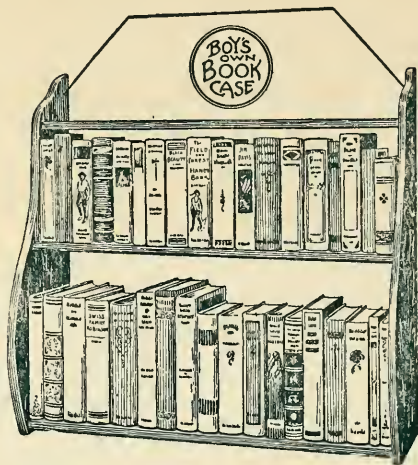
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